

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

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ALBERTA DEMANDS ITS DUE

Premier Peter Lougheed



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Editorial

Lougheed's no villain in the race to change Canada

By Peter C. Newman

THE constitutional debate may be a bore for most Canadians, but for the provincial premiers, it's a nightmare.

Pierre Trudeau and his lieutenants have spent the summer staging a series of frenzied one-ring circuses. Their purpose, to convince one and all the 10 men who head Canada's provincial governments are expansionist, back-leapin' Texans, beating their hollow breasts as they swing from one scuttled constitutional pose to the next.

Jean Chrétien best summed up the self-assumed superiority of the federal position when he was asked what he would need before heading off for London to bring back the British North America Act. "An air-piano ticket," he shot back. The Ottawa view seems to be that voters in any future referendum would support the federalist position because they're the guys who spear those elegant Canadian geese flapping across our TV screens. The premiers are being portrayed as a sweaty lot devoted to parfle-pomp politics who should become willing partners in a shiffling of responsibilities that would leave them in the position more of provincial mayors than regional power brokers.

No premier—including René Lévesque, whose whole reason for being in politics is to break this country in

two—has been more vilified than Peter Lougheed. Yet the Alberta position (page 21) is not only rational and economically justified but, viewed in the context of what's happening to world energy supply and prices, is enlightened and generous. As Lougheed points out, "Our province and our people have lived with the rules of Confederation, including paying fair freight rates, paying for tariffs, paying equalization, in our total history. New circumstances have for a short period of time altered in favor of our province and the federal government, supported by the Ontario government, are trying to change the rules. Albertans know and understand this instinctively. And they consider it unfair in the extreme."

What we need from the Ottawa conference is the same spirit of accommodation that characterized the original fathers of Confederation. They were daring (or drunk) enough to conceive a new kind of nation that would be neither a kingdom nor a republic but would best combine the British principles of responsible government with an American system of federal organization. This suited perfectly the political need of British North America in 1867. Now is the moment to reinforce the core of Canadian nationhood with equal relevance in the 1980s. The man who champions that notion of the country's future is at least as much Peter Lougheed as Pierre Trudeau.

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Trudeau's career at the climax

By Susan Riley

Despite all his former sins and his pertinent arrogance, despite the cynical editorials and damning news stories, despite the sneaky tactics his government sometimes employs—despite everything, it seems—the man who repudiates the politics of personal gain continues to inspire an almost cult-like devotion among his countrymen. Pierre Trudeau was married last week—in Edmonton, of all places—when he appeared as a public player with a subdued Peter Lougheed at a celebration party for Alberta's 50th anniversary. "It was wild," says a security official who was there at the time. "We almost had to get physical. They all went to touch him, get his autograph."

Trudeau must be buoyed by that knowledge this week, as his familiar face dominates television screens everywhere. The crowds in Edmonton told him what the Gallup poll has been saying all along: that in the last 10 years of political life, the constitution, the people stand 76 percent behind him. This is the same man who attacked the "tyranny of public opinion" in 1967, who wrote: "Public opinion seeks to impose its domination over everything. His aim is to reduce all action, all thought and all feeling to a common denominator. It forbids independence and kills inventiveness, condemns those who agree, if and humiliates those who oppose it." It is also the same man who authorized his government to spend \$6 million on an advertising campaign designed to sway public opinion behind his constitutional options.

For Trudeau, this week's conference in Ottawa represents one of the final acts of a remarkable political career, the final push before retirement and privacy. Justice Minister Jean Chretien may have done the legwork, the provincial premiers may all have important supporting roles, but it is Trudeau's lifelong protagonism with regard to the unique contract between Quebec and Canada that has led to this week's most notable ceremony.

As has been explained in detail in *Maclean's* of late, the political career of Lake Louise in Alberta for last-century constitutionalists last week, Trudeau was relaxed, poised, a man with his people sharpened. In fact, while his ministers returned to Ottawa Wednesday afternoon, Trudeau stayed on for some afternoons holding on with an old coexisting friend and Alberta's vice-president, John Gowan. And if he felt no need for a last-minute cram, it is because he has been preparing for this conference all summer. For the first time in years he didn't take a long holiday; instead he spent a good part of his summer—perhaps his last—in the private summer-camp cottage at Harrington Lake in the Ottawa hills, just outside Ottawa. Trudeau spent 30 days "on holiday" with his three sons,

but most weekends he took breaking papers home. "He's in for a long year," says one aide. The unspoken implication is that it may be his last as prime minister.

And while most people may find that week's proceedings dry and confusing, they apparently hold endless fascination for Trudeau, the audience. But then Trudeau has never been "most people." In fact, one of the most curious things about the affection he finds among ordinary Canadians is that he is sound and full of life, the loves and concerns of ordinary Canadians. In severe social situations like press secretary, Patrick Gauthier, acts almost as an interpreter for his boss—as if the prime minister were not as a wretched pass from his Tibetan monastery. At an informal reception with journalists at Lake Louise last week the subject of "Gaines Bangers" came up—journalistic shorthand for the daily nibbles of information politicians toss to the press to keep editors and media managers happy. Some reporters were explaining the origin of the term—it was first used on the Broadcast page during the second-last federal election—but Trudeau just looked more and more perplexed. "You know," said one reporter, "Gaines Bangers. It's a kind of dry food. Dry pieces of pressed meat. The lights were off," said the prime minister, "dog food."

Soon he won't have to engage in conversations like that anymore, and he makes little secret of his delight at that prospect. But however much he may long for a return to private life, he also has an eye on his place in history. It seems a dutiful man often associated with the parties of bluster—with the John Diefenbakers and the Jean Després—than with the cool intellectual, but Trudeau, too, wants to leave behind his meanness. Former-life photographer Bob Cooper stayed long last week recording the Lake Louise session for the prime minister and for the archives, but Trudeau wants something more substantial than photographs. He wants to be the prime minister who patrolled the countryside a champion of rights, and he wants to do it before Ultraliberal—with or without the prime minister's blessing.

Now that the constitutional debate will end this weekend, Trudeau moves reluctantly to another. The next seven days will be the ownership of resources, so the political and economic focus of the country shifts a Notwithstanding the adoring snarls surrounding the prime minister last week, a deep sense of alienation and grievances persists west of Kamsack, Ont. But the "bad guy" in this week's television discussions—Alberta's Peter Lougheed—could find himself in the ring with a fiercely competitive champion. And with Trudeau, as with Muhammad Ali, it's foolish to drop your guard for an instant. He's aging, but he's still dangerous.

Susan Riley is a *Maclean's* staff writer in Ottawa.



Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Trudeau

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Information still isn't quite free

By Heather Mitchell

In the spring, when I learned that the Liberals, after 10 years of resistance, had finally introduced a bill that would provide access to government information, the Conservative and New Democratic parties agreed it was wonderful. They praised the Liberals for their bill. But now that I've read the bill, I'm angry. It seems I'm still not going to get enough information to hold the government accountable at election time, and I'm not even going to get the information I need as a teacher in an environmental studies program.

Why am I not going to get it? First, I won't be able to afford it. The government can make me pay up to five times more for reading a request (up to \$80), once for the time it takes a civil servant to search for the document (prior to its being set by the government), once for the time it takes a civil servant to review the information and set it out for me, and up to \$10 for any withheld parts to be read to me, the government, and \$10 for me to read them. And then there's the fee for photocopies (prior to being set by the government) I pay the first three pages before I find out if the information exists, and I pay them whether or not the government allows me to see the document.

Second, the bill contains so many broad exemptions to the general rule of access that a lot of very important information can be withheld. For example, because I insist about the environmental consequences of toxic waste disposal, I want to know what information the minister of environment relied on when considering whether an Alberta company, SNC Chemical Waste Services Ltd., dump up to one million gallons a day of chemical wastes into the Niagara River just upstream from the drinking water intake for Niagara-on-the-Lake. If there are such documents, they're likely to contain records of federal provincial or Canada-U.S. consultation, commercial information supplied to the company, sensitive information about the chemicals, and results about possible health effects of the discharge, and advice to my minister or other ministers on it. Under the access bill, all of this information is withheld.

The most disturbing thing to me is withholding test results about health effects. Although the press release that announced the bill stated that consumer and environmental test results would not be withheld, the bill says differently. It says that only results of tests that were done in the government's task or a company's will be released. However, if they were done as a service and for a fee, or if the government thinks the results are misleading, then they can be withheld. No criteria by which to judge what is misleading are given.

The section on test results will give even less access than it appears to because almost all government testing is done

"for a fee." Each government department that uses chemicals the department that request the tests. In human health studies this is called "cost recovery," but it seems to me it is "cost for a fee," therefore the results can be withheld. Their language tricks hide the real issue. To me, it doesn't matter who did the tests or whether a fee was charged if the results may reveal detrimental health effects. The real issue is making all the information available to the public—especially to people who may be affected—as they can take environmental action or protest reasonably until the government listens. To achieve this result, the access bill needs to be amended. It should clearly state that the public interest is knowing about possible detrimental health effects outweighing any other interest.

Third, I'm allowed to appeal to the Federal Court if the government refuses to release information I have requested, but I may not get a full review. A full review would mean the court would look at the information I had requested and would decide whether there was any harm in releasing it. If there was no harm, the court would order the minister to provide access. In the access bill, however, the court is not allowed to do that. The court is restricted to deciding whether a minister "is not entitled to refuse to disclose" or "is required to refuse to disclose." The bill forces the court to focus on the minister's conduct rather than on whether information should be released.

Fourth, even if I amss the money to pay the costs of access, and even if I am wrong in believing the government will take advantage of the bill's broad exemptions and restricted appeal rights, I'll be forced with waiting a very long time for contemporary information. A transition provision states that if the bill becomes law in 1981, it'll have to wait until 1986 to get information from 1980 or before, and it'll have to wait until 1982 to get information from 1977 and 1978. It'll only be able to get 1979 and 1980 information immediately. In essence, this provision holds me and the press from information that is likely to be important in environmental decision-making in such a way that it will take five years to use it all out. Given that the government began a sophisticated and expensive overhaul of its records management systems more than 10 years ago, I do not feel marginally unsafe.

For the bill to be useful to the people it's supposed to be designed for, major changes are needed. At the least, there must be access for the price of photocopies, an end to exemptions for information that can detrimentally affect people's health, and full judicial review and a shortening of the transition period.

Heather Mitchell is a Toronto lawyer who has been doing research on freedom of information in Canada and abroad since 1976.



For the bill to be useful, many changes are needed.



Morgan White.
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Photo: David W. Smith

Photo: David W. Smith



A look and nuclear explosion. Looking for clues to what makes mankind violent.

Profile: Norman Alcock

The search for peace in a world of war

By Val Ross

Norman Norman Alcock is a small, quiet man with glasses, who makes \$45,000 a year and a fair bit of ridicule for heading the Canadian Peace Research Institute (CPRI), a nongovernment and emphatically non-profit research and publication organization based in Ottawa. If Alcock were a warthog with a taste for black beans, one could more readily see why he has devoted his 18 years to the apparently thankless job of trying to promote peace through reason and research. Are not human bloodlust and folly eternal? The record is frustrating. Alcock agrees greatly of his predecessors' efforts. The world's first international disarmament talks opened in the Hague in 1999 to fervent telegrams, poems and petitions. 300,000 pacifist signatures strong. Yet this was the generation when children marched to the trenches in 1914. Then the League of Nations and the Kellogg-Briand Pact of 1928 (which

denounced war as an instrument of policy) were answered by the Second World War. And now CPRI talks continue with ever-expanding global arms exercises exceeding \$1 billion a day. As for the world's greatest institutions—the international network of Memorial, Ghadames, Pugwash Conference, scientists and concerned folk such as the CPRI's Norman Alcock and his wife, well, it's a wonder they haven't all died of despair.

Peace movement workers have a special quality," explains Ethan Breslow, research director of the interchurch-sponsored disarmament and development group, Project Ploughshares. "They can focus unflinchingly on our raw parts of huge problems and not feel overwhelmed. They feel morally motivated, too, that's why, to outsiders, they appear insane." Indeed, most of them are religiously inspired. Alcock, a hard-working wife, Pat, who edits the *crisis quarterly News Report*, is a Congregationalist minister's daughter, and many

of her co-workers are Quakers. It is Alcock's fate, too, to be typical as saint and then sinner. His thick-leaved appetites, glowing like two rose windows in the long Gothic cathedral lines of his face, and his week-enditian Tommies Douglas smile fit that image, so does the modest white suit he wears to public functions such as the department of external affairs' Disarmament and Arms Control meetings. "Alcock is regarded as naive by most government officials," says Geoffrey Pearson, Britain's adviser on arms control. "That's always true for visionaries and saints."

Yet what keeps Alcock going is not poetry but scientific evidence, the same evidence. "What does that behavior add up to? What does that behavior add up to?" that has attracted other "hard" activists such as Best Deseran and Bertrand Russell. Alcock has avoided disillusionment to a large degree because, he says, "I'm a cold-blooded research type." He and his mother were brought up by a widowed mother, he recalls, for her "specimen-headedness and her refusal to be frightened." As a young scientist, Alcock worked "without shame" on the electronics systems of British World War bomber aircraft, as a nuclear researcher for the government and as vice-president of his own firm, Isotope



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Productions Ltd. In 1987, at the height of the post-Soviet cold war, Alcock's firm was sold to American interests and shortly after he was offered the choice of moving to the United States or sending himself an unclassified, at the age of 41, with severance pay. He chose to retire, and by 1991 had come up with his own challenge: taking a 15 per cent drop from his professional salary level to 40 percent, that really interested him. In starting the CCR, he simply took his scientist's mind to a new set of puzzles, one makes war, when and why?

Working out of a paper-covered one-story office, the Alcock, with four unclassified CCR staffers, friends, volunteers and affiliates, have produced more than 250 books, articles and research abstracts, many of which they pay on the premises. Their are subtitled—*A Disastrous Model of Civil Violence or An Unsuccessful Mission of the Strategic Defense Between Nations*—but "Well, they are serious," Alcock grins, as he reads through a stack of CCR publications to uncover its one sentence introduction, a science-fiction novel titled *The Tour of the Spatial*.

The common theme of these works is best summed up in the title of one of Alcock's books, *The Logic of Love and War*, in which he claims to demonstrate that peaceful behavior pays off, that the happiest states, those in which economic and political justice prevail, have the most to lose in war—but is avoided, interesting? Well, the department of national defense subscribes to some publications, as does a United States National Aeronautical and Space Agency (NASA) policy officer who travelled from California to Toronto's First Global Conference as the Yuzani thus summer to hear Alcock speak. The scientist himself gets about 18 requests for his publications each week, about half of which come from outside Canada. "I guess the Alcock 'way of thinking' is good," states Pauline Beroza, director of the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute, which, with its staff of 40, and \$2 million of funding from the Swedish parliament, is the world's largest and most influential peace research organization. Beroza adds, "Now when the work of the institutes in Sweden, Norway and particularly West Germany is continuing, Canada's efforts become especially significant." Military men, such as George Laidlow, chief of operations, research and analysis for the Ottawa arm, skeptical of the CCR's attempts to "quantify warlessness." But its publications command a certain respect in some academic circles. Professor Jim Siger, director of Carleton University's Norman Paterson School of International Affairs, notes, "Among 'serious' journals—those in which articles are sub-



The Alcocks typified in a suit

mitted anonymously to a panel of impartial academics—the CCR appears more often than anyone else in Canada for academic discussions, as very sophisticated. The real debate isn't between Alcock and the social scientists, but rather among academics who wonder how far scientific methods can be applied to human behavior."

Lately, Alcock and the CCR have been looking for academic chairs, what much more difficult. They have studied the United States' role in nations, drug consumption, arms production, shared nuclear-bomb halos (the percentage indicates that maximum nuclear-charge yield were more likely when they stay at home again). Alcock has an interesting suggestion to go on any kind of paper: any pattern, in the spirit of inquiry, "I know this sounds weird," he gently warned the bureaucrats and academics who gathered to hear about his cycles research at the Global Future's Conference, "but we are returning patterns among paper train production, arms buying, and Earthquakes and even sun spots." His audience perused Alcock's scrupulous graphs and computer tables as he quietly explained them, "Just because this makes of astrology is no reason for a good scientist not to investigate it."

The inquisitive expression of these

men and women keeps Alcock at his work, but he works on a retainer. Although the cost of working for Alcock's firm has put more pressure on his trust grant to the CCR (\$72,000, down from the \$280 or 400 he received, from Canadian firms that think there may be some good in what we do," as Alcock puts it, has fallen back with the economy. Certainly, and (as every middle-class liberal knows) a conservative are expensive business to maintain. The Alcock's personal savings have been entirely drained by the institute and they are now selling their last asset, their 16-room home overlooking Lake Ontario.

The work inevitably drags morale, too. In 1988, Alcock served for five weeks as a consultant to the US Special Session on Disarmament. "Trudeau, who in the early 1980s had been a member of our board, spoke with great conviction. Over and over all the world leaders stressed that the arms race was about *Play Now*. Yet not one nation announced concrete steps to peace." Alcock admits he was literally brainwashed because he was not trying to argue the case—he was trying to reinforce the logic of *Play Now*, just not *Play Now*. "For six months I hardly went into the office—I didn't do anything," says Siger. "The six-spell session was Alcock's first taste now of the difficulties of implementing policy, and the experience changed him."

Yet today, the bespectacled scientist is still playing away in the unchanged office in Guelph. The CCR's annual budget of \$40,000 remains a frustratingly small fraction of the new beside the nation's \$3 billion defense budget and Canada's lucrative arms trade (consistently within the top 10 arms producers for the past decade). Meanwhile the (PN's) transparency, the reach of pen on the page and papers being stuffed into envelopes is occasionally interrupted by a knock at the door. The CCR is still perplexed by the other peace activists—atheists, environmentalists, pacifists, whatever. They dropped by this spring after Alcock paid a visit to Ottawa to renew with the Soviet ambassador about Afghanistan. The Russians were pleased. They agreed to share the staff's traditional break for 4 o'clock tea. "In episodes, these anecdotes underline the doleful warning contained in Alcock's group. Surely it is futile to believe that much with Moscow, the Soviet ambassador and the quarantine, everything will soon be peaceful, though." Alcock often tries to be scientifically objective, answers the question rather subjectively. "I believe that all the world's a stage, I may have only a small part to play—but if I don't take serious, someone else may miss his cue."

The inquisitive expression of these

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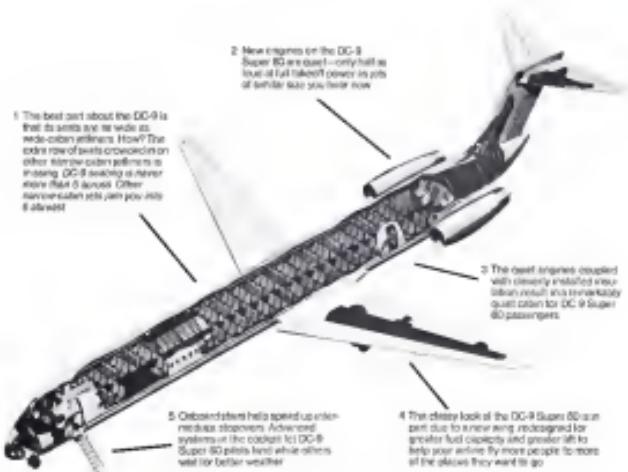
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Follow-up

New homes, old dilemma

By Geoff Hunt

This is a most delicate and sensitive operation and one which critics are understandably ready to capitalize on." By 1990, when this apt warning appeared in a department of regional economic expansion (DREES) progress report, the Newfoundland resettlement program had closed down dozens of small communities, moving their people into larger centres. By 1975, when Premier Frank Moore let resettlement quietly die, about 35,000 "outpatients" had been relocated, in the biggest peacetime movement of people in North America.

Were they victims of a governmental drive by the then Newfoundland government to impose an industrial structure on a people regarded as for the wrecks? Or were they beneficiaries of Newfoundland's single-minded efforts to raise the standard of living and the incomes of a people long burdened by cruel poverty and uncertain fate? Those were roughly the choices in this very "delicate and sensitive" matter in 1978 and

one was expected to take sides. Today, despite the sentiments of Joey Smallwood, who calls it "one of the finest things ever done in our history," the very word resettlement has become anathema in Newfoundland within a cult of nostalgia that has grown up in the past decade to cast everything retrofitted. That saying was the obvious choice for many a rockbound kind of a dozen or so families tied to their fishing grounds by history and inheritance in wistfully forgotten "Well," reflects Bruce Warshaw, "at the time there were a lot of dispossessed people and bad feelings. But I think it's turned out to be okay." He moved from the Placentia Bay airport of Harbour Buffet in 1986. "The people are better off today," says Warshaw, 36, manager of a fish processing plant at Arinella's Cove. Like Warshaw, all the resettled communities apparently appreciated by Newfoundland's slogan the change was for the better.

The program began after 46 communities closed themselves down voluntarily between 1945 and 1953, to move to

where social services and jobs were

Preference of work: old wounds are healing

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St. John's scene (above); subject Paddy Mallon: Biggest possible movement of people



available. In 1948, when Newfoundland joined Canada, the island's population of 260,000 was living at about half the Canadian average income. The millions of dollars in transfer payments entering the province went into improving medical care, new roads, electricity, wharves, modern schools—anything that could be, however slowly, stretched to cover all 1,300 fishing communities around the rugged coast. Convinced that, given the chance, Newfoundlanders would choose to end their "era of isolation," as he called it, Newfoundland launched the resettlement program in 1953: every household in a community unanimously deciding to move would receive a moving grant of \$150 (raised to \$600 by 1968).

But sociologists, the press and other critics became suspicious around 1965, when the grant was increased to \$1,000 a household. Free mortgages were offered and instead of unanimous consent, resettlement would begin after only 50 percent of a community chose to move. The program's decisions had been reversed and communities were pressured into moving when the government threat-

ened financial opportunities for the young. A young teacher says her generation is irreversibly urbanized: "They like to be able to hop in a car and go to a movie."

At the time, "we were down close to being forced out of it, and I would have been satisfied to stay," says Eric Delt, who moved to Arnal's Cove from a small settlement called Tuck's Beach. But now, 30 minutes by road from a hospital (formerly two hours by sea), with all the electrical conveniences, he would never put his wife to return. "You try and take those away from her," he says. The 50-year-old fisherman. He has a son teaching Grade 8 and a daughter who is a post office secretary.

Education is held up by Newfoundland as the reason it's free for resettlement. "It never had an economy for justification," he recalls. "You had to leave the rural areas to get Grade 12," says Eric Synnott, who was born when the families in Fortune's Harbor moved to the trailer park part of Fortune. Though he feels resettlement was for the best, he fondly recalls "a lot of enjoyment" in the old way of life—going with his dad to hunt for caribou and dig for fish.

"It was a way of life disrupted," says Mayor Fralin Colton of Placentia, population 2,790, one of the larger resettlement areas. He's from a now deserted island himself. "It was especially hard for the middle-aged and elderly. You can see them today, down in the water, and you know they're reminiscing. But as a group, all those people are now greatly integrated."

Undoubtedly there are still many people harboring deep and bitter resentment over the wreck of their old communities. But this summer, 300 former Newfoundlanders who'd moved to the islands are distant enough that a visit to the old haunts brings no pleasure. The government has responded to the mixed reaction of these old houses for a myriad reason. These days many fishermen take their boats on a Monday evening to spend the week back fishing off their old houses, putting up rat-infested quarters. Much of Placentia Bay, for example, is served daily by a collection boat and not by a fish processing plant.

But for all its mistakes—some seemingly visible communities were swept away—resettlement was just one aspect of inevitable change. The 800 exports left today are not the places they were in 1949—they have electricity, roads, school buses and regional high schools and mass media. Royal development policy now tries to bring jobs to where the people are, in crafts, tourism, primary resources, and the fishery in enjoying a resurgence prosperity undreamed of a decade ago, breathing new life into the small communities. □

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Dinosaur country

By Suzanne Zwerin

It's hard for a human brain to embrace 70 million years. Even when standing on the bones of creatures that walked this same part of Alberta 70 million years ago, most people are unable to grasp the mathematics of it. The people who gift the skeletons at Dinosaur Provincial Park have lived longer than most with a time warp that is, after all, infinitesimal in the span of Earth's creation. But even they are awestruck by the dinosaur graveyard. There could be the bones of 400 dinosaurs (numbered) together in an area of some 40,000 square feet if these are, and if the new theory is proven, the Ceratopsians whose bones came to rest here 70 million years ago were probably travelling in a herd across the mountains that form the spine of Alberta then. A herd of dinosaurs, entwining and solidly protectively surrounding their young, perhaps, as they grazed the lowlands. Now that is mind-boggling, even to an expert.

Millions of tourists have passed through the gates of Banff and Jasper national parks to gaze at the Rockies and agreed they are indeed pretty. In comparison, hardly anyone has bothered to make the three-hour trek from Calgary to the Dinosaur Provincial Park, named last year by the United Nations to a list of 27 sites in the world that are irreplaceable parts of our cul-

tural and natural heritage. The road winds its way 50 km northeast of Brooks, Alta., growing progressively worse until it deteriorates into dusty gravel washboard. In a most unprettier fashion, it cuts past red, green, fenced farmlands, sprawls through dry shrubland and sage country, then falls away into the badlands, so though the crest of the hill collapsed into a heap of rubble. Down there is the heart of the badlands, where it's drier than parts of the Sahara and summer temperatures have reached 50°C. The bold, soft rock is eroding into hoodoos, ancient, worn gargoyles. And in the wide crevices of the rock, creating yesterday's landscapes and creating today's, the bones of dinosaurs stand, some the upper Cretaceous period of world history, some in the surface and some buried in by geological time.

Paleontologists have known about the dinosaur fossils since their discovery in 1889 by Thomas Weston, on a Geological Survey of Canada expedition. Over the years, amateurs and experts hunted out tons of bones until to-

day 30 major museums and universities around the world hold more than 200 specimens from the park. No other region of comparable size on earth has yielded so many and such a variety of well-preserved dinosaur bones, yet people once planned the roads for fireplaces and rock gardens, and it wasn't until 1960 that the area was even declared a provincial park. And it wasn't until this summer, when the park was officially designated one of four Canadian World Heritage sites, that any more than a trickle of visitors turned up.

By the end of this season, an estimated 80,000 people will have visited the park, 30,000 more visitors than have ever been there in a year. "It's bad, the road is as bad as it is," notes a staffer, "but the park success has generated some of the funds that will be attracted by the park's new world-class status."

Visitors are now allowed through

most of the park's 24,000 acres only under escort. Naturalists such as Bill Andrews explain to them that

this was a showplace, much like

Lincolnshire, at the time

The Rockies to the west were

Alberta badlands paleontologists are dug down most important remains

to greatest of the dinosaur world



Alberta plays a leading role in the establishment of the World Heritage Dinosaur Site of 1995. The site, which includes the Royal Tyrrell Museum, the Dinosaur Provincial Park and the Dinosaur Provincial Park, is the largest and most complete dinosaur remains ever to be found. Photo: Steve G. Hart

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breaking through the earth's crust. The rock here is 100 times softer than the stone of the Rockies and erodes with a whisper from the wind, cutting up fossils to the light of the 20th century. So far 20 species of dinosaurs have been identified, from the Albertosaurus, a smaller version of the Tyrannosaurus, to a Haddad Dinosaur (dilophosaurus), based because of a projection on top of his skull.

Park naturalist John Walper and Ron Channer discovered the best beds now being excavated under the guidance of the Alberta Provincial Museum. They walked over a hill and almost stumbled over the skull of a Centrosaurus. In the past two years 35 Centrosaur have been unearthed in about 750 square metres. By the time the remainder of the area is excavated, hundreds of creatures might be found.

Experts have wondered—indeed whether it was possible—that dinosaurs were hunting mammals, says Philip Currie, director of paleontology at the provincial museum. But the Dinosaur Park offers the first tangible proof. The dinosaurs considered are mostly Centrosaur, a plant-eating cattle-like beast the herd, their bones were plundered by meat-eating dinosaurs and the remains washed downstream to where they lie today.

What hit the herd is a tantalizing mystery. The disaster happened too early to be part of the dinosaur mass extinction, Currie says. That leaves disease or, perhaps, a flesh food, and although he leans to the disease theory, "that isn't really satisfying." Experts from around the world have come this summer to puzzle over the excavation being sifted with screens and whisks. But Currie doesn't expect any real answers until the winter bone bed is exposed. "It's probably five years away at least." "Myself, they are not sure what's going on," he says, but he is presenting papers in Florida this fall to bring the scientific world abreast of what has been discovered so far.

The Red Deer River, flowing through the park, is already about 100 metres below the level of the prairie and, in the context of earth time, it's moving fast. In another 20,000 years, says naturalist Andrews, the herd will have folded its neck in the bowl of the badlands and nothing will be left to see there. Meanwhile, young paleontologists like Currie figure they could work the rest of their lives in the badlands without ever finding all there is to find. They dig away at what has been declared "the most important remaining fragment of the dinosaurian world known to man," trying to learn more of the earth and its living creatures as they were millions of years before man's time. □



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Letters

A questioning voice

In your excellent article on Turkey ("The Ugly Ally of the West," World, Aug. 4), you suggest that a great deal of the money that we want in Turkey goes to "increase Turkey's strength against Ankara's primary adversary—Greece, not the Soviet Union." After invading and occupying Cyprus, Turkey's imperialist appetite has turned to the Greek islands in the Aegean. If Greece is an "adversary," it is only because it wants to safeguard her freedom and territorial integrity from militarist Turkey.

MARK LOUCIS, KIRKLAND,
WILLOWDALE, ONT.



Violence in Turkey: torture and rape

I am glad that finally someone raised a questioning question on the value of Turkey as an ally. I feel that the article neglected to add that the Turks have also exported their "aggressiveness" abroad. In 1974 the Turkish army invaded Cyprus, murdered, pillaged, raped and rapidly occupied 37 per cent of the republic. They still do, despite a massive international outcry and a UN demand for us to act, to get them to get out. It is all very well to condemn the U.S.R. over the invasion of Afghanistan, but Turkey has done far worse for six whole years and the still remains in Nicosia and receives aid from the West.

MICHAEL P. FAIRBROOK, MONTREAL

Pride preventeth a fall

I have just finished reading Peter C. Newman's comment at the end of his editorial "A View from the Bridge" in *My Loss of the Land* (Aug. 10). I agree wholeheartedly with his comment "that the proper domain for naturalistic

pride is not politics but love of the land itself." It would be absolutely refreshing if more Canadians felt that way.

MARK PETER HODGSON,
ELORA, ONT.

The Calgary syndrome

The photographs accompanying your article Oly in a Jam (This Canada, June 16) are misleading and not at all representative of how Calgary looks. One photo shows the conversion of 7th Avenue into a transit mall that will carry light-rail transit vehicles and buses. All seven utilities are being dug up and repaved and repainted in the right of way. This major installation will be completed by year's end, at which time Calgary will have one of the

most advanced public transit systems in the world. The other photo represents an exaggerated view of appraisals conferences in downtown Calgary. This view could have been taken in any city and would have as much meaning. There are, indeed, inconveniences caused by the building boom that Calgary is experiencing, but Calgarians are prepared to endure such temporary difficulties in the knowledge that substantial advantages will flow to the city when construction of both transportation and recreational facilities is completed. We certainly prefer growth to stagnation.

ROSS ALGER, MAYOR, CALGARY

In a jugular vein

Although I've been a feminist (or perhaps I should say "left-blobber") for a long time, I occasionally get weary of fighting the forces that see feminism as an extraordinary evil rather than the same, just cause it is. However, just as I'm through telling myself that I'm going to cool it for a while, I read something by Barbara Amiel (Zeta's *Raw Spirit of Usurer*, Waterstones—and *All That Jazz*, October, July 16) that sets off my outrage, which should make Phys. Ed. history. Ronald Reagan and the John Birch Society very proud of her, reinforcing as they do the notion of the most important feminist need. I hope Miss Amiel continues to write in the same vein. I may need some further encouragement in a low period.

HELEN PORTER, MOUNT PEARL, NF

A pride of roots

Your article The Right to Renaissance Roots (Feature, Aug. 4) was good, and I agree that every adopted person has the right to seek out his or her roots. However, as a mother of one adopted and three natural-born children, I take exception to the quote of John Vanier, national director of the adoptive activist organization Parent Firsters, who said "How can a child be 'of' home?" My husband and I did do our best to make our children "of" us. The love and deep parental feeling is no less than the feeling toward our natural children. Often, when referring to my babies and pregnancies, I forget that one wasn't from my own womb. Roots are important, but in the growing years love and caring between parents and child are what really counts.

EJ WALKER,
NORTH BATTLESFORD, SK

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THE SCHENLEY AWARDS

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1977 Jim Cook, Ottawa
1977 Al Wilson, B.C.
1978 Dan Yochim, Montreal
1979 Claude Turcotte, Edmonton
1980 Ed George, Montreal

MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE PLAYER

1979 Jim Zandstra, Hamilton
1979 Dave French, Edmonton
1977 Dan Kryger, Edmonton
1978 Bill Baker, B.C.
1979 Jim Corrigan, Calgary
1978 John Petruzzelli, Calgary

MOST OUTSTANDING ROOKIE

1979 Brian Kelly, Edmonton
1979 Jim French, Vancouver
1977 Jim Strode, B.C.
1976 John Scarsella, B.C.
1975 Tom Gareau, Ottawa
1974 Jim Cognetti, Toronto
1973 John Rodriguez, Montreal
1973 Chuck Ealey, Montreal

MOST OUTSTANDING CANADIAN

1979 Dave French, Edmonton
1978 Terry Cohen, Ottawa
1977 Tony Gobert, Ottawa
1976 Tom Gareau, Ottawa
1975 Jim French, Ottawa
1974 Jim Corrigan, Hamilton
1973 Gerry Gregg, Ottawa
1972 Al Wilson, B.C.
1971 Terry Bowles, Montreal
1970 John Scarsella, B.C.
1969 Jim Cognetti, Ottawa
1968 Jim Neiman, Winnipeg
1967 Terry Bowles, Calgary
1966 Ross Johnson, Ottawa
1965 Jim Neiman, Hamilton
1964 Ross Johnson, Ottawa
1963 Ross Johnson, Ottawa
1962 Harvey Wylie, Calgary
1961 Tony Prantakos, Calgary
1960 Ron Stewart, Ottawa
1959 Jim French, Ottawa
1958 Gerry Gregg, Winnipeg
1955 Normie Kowling, Edmonton
1954 Normie Kowling, Edmonton
1953 Gerry Jacobs, Winnipeg

MOST OUTSTANDING LINEMAN

1973 Ray Nettles, B.C.
1972 Jim Helton, Calgary
1971 Wayne Harris, Calgary
1970 Wayne Harris, Calgary
1969 Jim LoGrasso, Edmonton
1968 Ken Lehouarn, Ottawa
1967 Ed McQuarrie, St. John's, Newfoundland
1966 Jim French, Ottawa
1965 Wayne Harris, Calgary
1964 Tom Brown, B.C.
1963 Tom Brown, B.C.
1962 John Ferrier, Hamilton
1961 Jim Baker, Winnipeg
1959 Roger Nielsen, Edmonton
1958 Don Lutz, Calgary
1957 Kaye Vaughan, Ottawa
1956 Kaye Vaughan, Ottawa
1955 Tom Corlett, Montreal



Schenley Awards

Dateline: Edinburgh

Conquest by culture



By Mark Abley

The Scottish woman, red-haired and well dressed, turns to her son: "You remember *The Song of Hiawatha*, Angus?" Look, a real Red Indian," Richard Head, a Kwakiutl Indian from Fort Rupert, B.C., does not look up. He is carving a totem pole from a four-metre log of western red cedar, chip by chip, the long, pained face of a raven emerging from the wood. When complete, the pole will stand in Prince Street Gardens, the centre of Edinburgh, as a gift from Edinburgh's twin city of Vancouver and a perpetual reminder of Canada's enormous contributions to the 1980 Edinburgh International Festival—probably the most famous arts festival in the world.

It is almost 8:30 p.m. Aug. 27, and audiences of 6,000 are filling the 10,000-seat capacity of the Festival's main hall, the Usher Hall. The accompanying newspaper, *The Edinburgh Festival Review*, is a front-page headline: **HERE COME THE WILD OLOMOAL BOYS!** The accompanying photograph shows Eric Petersson, a young Indian Head, Sioux, the star of *Billy Bishop Goes To War*, a costumed play about Canada's ace fighter pilots in the First World War. A suspicion lingers, however, why in certain strands of the participating Canadian artists, from folk purist Oscar Peterson and the Celtic folk group, Bende, to the successive nightclubs of the Toronto Mendelsohn Choir, would be classified as



Hand and pole: a perpetual reminder

time. Normally a city of austere elegance in grey slate and Georgian crevices, it decks itself out with flags, banners and posters. The crowds wendily around a city that transforms itself into a spectrum of living theatre. Outside the National Gallery of Scotland a red-faced man holds up a gaudy plaid, **SOULIUM WORLD WITH PLEA FOR PLEUM**, trying vainly to capture the hearts of an ice-cream-licking throng. His neighbor, who sports a cardboard shield announcing **CHIEFT WARRIOR OFFERED TO TAKE THE SINS OF MANY**, can't even capture their attention. No one would imagine that this is a Calvinist capital.

This year, two of the festival's major art exhibitions are Canadian. From the West Coast comes the opening show is Edinburgh's new City Art Gallery: *The Legacy*, a mixture of traditional and contemporary artifacts by B.C. Indians. The *Legend* is a revised version of a show that has existed for nearly a decade. 20% of the artifacts exhibited are new, a number of the information headnotes carried in a book were made in 1979 and 1980. Near the entrance stands Richard Head, day and night, carving his pole surrounded by visitors. "It just makes me work harder," *says* "I don't look up as much." Head knows that the subtleties and ceremonial significance of his pole will be lost on most spectators—but he doesn't mind. "I think it's informative. They probably never will know anything about our people except for that pole. It shapes them that Indians aren't really like *Tonto*."

Edinburgh comes alive at festival



Folk group Bende Head, Petersson as Billy Head: "Memento Mori-ade"

THE SCHENLEY AWARDS

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meanwhile, marks a pantheistic exhibition of paintings by Jack Bush, Canada's most celebrated abstract painter. His canvases, some of them never before seen in public, glimmer with light and color. The show is the first substantial display in Europe of the work of Bush, who, unlike many Canadian artists, always hungered for international recognition. Other Canadians at the festival include the National Arts Centre Theatre Company, the Canadian Brass quintet and writer Elizabeth Berridge. In all, more than 20 countries are represented, but Canadians make up by far the largest foreign contingent.

Why the sudden interest in our artists? "I made a speech a few years ago that John Deacon, the festival director, knew more about us than do most of his countrymen," he remarks. "In several visits in recent years," he remarks, "I have been very struck by the vitality of the arts in Canada, and I believe that many of the things they are doing deserve a wider audience. We're not doing this because it's a good politics or for the sake of Commonwealth relations, but because all these events are absolutely first-rate."

The festival begins in 1987, a defiant celebration of the human spirit amid the Spartan conditions of a post-war Britain still in the grip of food rationing. It has grown beyond anyone's most extravagant dreams, to the point where the official festival is augmented by a quantity, though not in quality, by a tidal wave of competing attractions.

For a region locked in recession and existential despair, these works offer a transfusion of money and hope. Today, Edinburgh's Fringe is shown in August, and for another than the most recondite culture-vultures could possibly deserve an international film festival, a TV festival, the Edinburgh Highland Games, a military tattoo at the ancient castle (show runs featuring the Tennessee Fife Pipe Band as well as the Royal Pipe and Dragoon Band of the British Guards (The Royal Dragoons).

Most prominent of all is the Festival Fringe, an unofficial jamboree in which anyone who wants to can perform. Every spare hall and basement in the city seems to be occupied by a play from the Fringe. More than 300 productions, some of them outlandish, six of them Canadian, are battling for attention and audience. In Edinburgh today, the arts are literally unavoidable. Step out of the ethereally sublime to Princes Street and a moving clown or devil is likely to accent you.

By mid-September, Edinburgh will be back to normal: the walls scraped clean of posters, the roadways free of actors. Richard Honti will be back home in British Columbia. But his soon pals will remain, gazing absently out over the city. □

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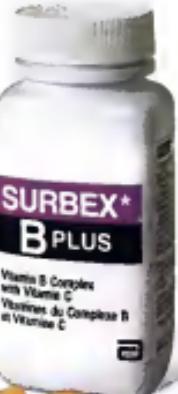
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Canada

ALBERTA DEMANDS ITS DUE

By Suzanne Zwanen

Colacky citizens Ben Harris can eat at patience with the 800-year-old Douglas fir growing on a beach adjoining his cottage at Limestone, in northeastern B.C. For 60 years the tree had been a nesting spot for a protected predatory bird, but Harris was tired of the foul-smelling droppings icing his veranda and can do little December he cut it down. Whatever the rights and wrongs of the surgery, the incident created a tempest in a tree-top. "People have just cried when they found out," an area naturalist reported. Others shook back their tears and called down Ugly Albertans. "They're not coming with our big caravans and money," said another Calgary "cottage" owner. "A thing like this certainly doesn't help our cause."

In the lower Fraser valley, which British Columbians once considered their own piece of paradise, the phrase Ugly Albertans has become the currency of the recreational realm. The former truculent dale, half a day's drive from Calgary, has been invaded by wealthy Albertans, the people best able to afford the soaring real estate prices there demand caused. Thousands of acres have been gobbled up, millions of dollars spent, services stretched to the snapping point. The cottage next was the final straw. Even though he waited up \$10,000 to build an artificial bird's nest, the astute Ben Harris could easily penance the rouge westy Canadians currently shoveling out Alberta. These inhabitants of an oil sheikdom who get the sunniest days and little rainfall. The Ugly Albertans have crowded into the Canadian west, the traditional realm of the good western farmer and rancher, the keepers of wood and the owners of water, who grew their grain, corralled their cattle and needed to be polled only once a year on the state of the weather.

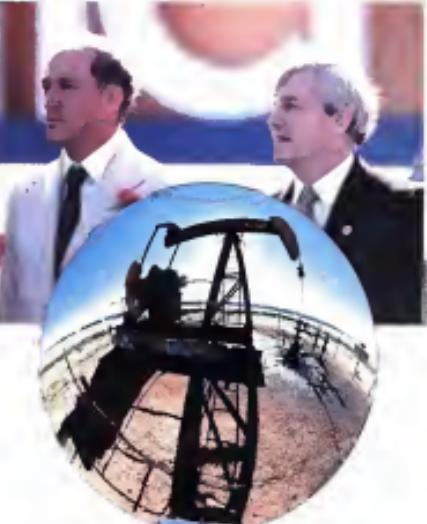
Even schoolchildren recognize this new Alberta. A 15-year-old in Ottawa, writing for a Canada Day essay contest, clearest, if prime minister, to shape up the country. "First of all," wrote Bruce Hartledge, "I would do something about Premier Lougheed. I don't see why he should have all the money from Alberta's natural resources. It just makes him sound like a pig. I would divide everything amongst Canadians."

The child's elders are equally perturbed. Toronto Star columnist Clancy Roy accuses the oil-rich Albertans of parsimony, indifference, on-Confidence grand obsession with the notion of punishing Ontario for a series of real and/or imagined "indulgences." Back to boot, he added, when Albertans pretended to be innocent. From Vancouver, Lester B. Pearson reported after a visit that he "found himself" overwhelmed by Alberta's fear, insecurity and lack of moral purpose. "Inexcessive [provincial] governments have painted gloomy pic-

sures of drilling resources, of plots by eastern bankers to seize them for their own benefit and of plots by the federal government to rob Alberta of their fundamental rights in the resources area."

Albertans, in fact, see clearly that successive governments have created Alberta's alienation, an alienation that is now absolutely justified, and the experts, in their eyes, are 133 years of federal governments. Just as any Ontario schoolchild sees one version of Alberta, Albertans teenagers can readily parrot their parents' views. "The unconstitutional" controls have made Alberta a rich and powerful province," wrote a Grade 10 essay-contest winner in Calgary. From Fortin: "But the money of oil and gas will not last forever. Alberta must manage its resources wisely, so that future generations can enjoy the prosperity that Alberta has today."

That, in a nutshell, is the Alberta viewpoint, a two-centuries summation



Blatford and Langford at Alberta's anniversary: Alberta oil pump, doing a wuvre

windows." Once settled, local interests grew naturally. The West saw itself as an adult, nurturing political men through third parties like Social Credit. Progressives and CCF directed at maintaining the system. Coalfields because "Our [western] sense of the national interest is usually too weak to override the local or regional interest in our thinking."

Albertans certainly aren't deeply committed to a concept of Canada that relegates the frontierlands to economic futility. Martineau and wastewater, writing in *Bennett's Canada* and the *Barrels of Oil*, point out that Central Canadian culture adheres equally to their regional viewpoint and, by sheer force of numbers, have been able to impose on Canada the view that what is good for Central Canada is good for all Canadians. Coalfields, in the view from the West, are a sign of natural resources, energy, and a Conservative party with an ideology that respects the use of centralized power, led by a prime minister who wished the provinces to be no more than glorified municipalities. Sir John A. Macdonald firmly specified the interests of the great majority of voters living in Central Canada with the desire of all Canadians and embarked, in 1870, on a national policy "designed to hold the resource hinterlands of Atlantic and Western Canada in permanent defiance to the extended industrial heartland of Ontario and Quebec." The tariff to protect eastern industry and freight rates, which discriminated against Western Canada on everything except unprocessed grain products, was imposed despite protests and left the West at a permanent disadvantage in federal politics. Westerners, thus, long ago turned to their provincial governments for protection. And after a glorious battle, the provinces won out for the West the right to the Canadian Confederation to control their hinterlands in order to realize the rights granted by Ottawa in 1930, 1931, for the provinces to own their own resources and therefore the money they earn. But that transfer of natural resources occurred at the eve of the Depression and did the West want good then, while shortening the run of Canada at all? Now, having the means in an energy based surveillance and autonomy, westerners grow frantic at the spectre of Central Canada, in the guise of Ottawa, once again doing for Canada what's best for Central Canada and the hinterlands take the Hind leg.

People as divergent as Saskatchewan's STP Premier Allan Blakeney and Alberta's Conservative Laughton are united in the view that Western Canadians played the game by the rules when it was disadvantageous to them, and that the rules shouldn't be changed simply because Central Canada feels it-



68 million cubic metres, meaning that Alberta's remaining established natural gas fields dropped to 781 million cubic metres, enough perhaps to last out the 1990s. The outlook for natural gas is brighter—remaining reserves of 1,728 billion cubic metres, an increase of 173 billion cubic metres in 1988. But natural gas isn't breaking the profit lines. Provincial Treasurer Lou Hyndman admitted in August that Alberta's controversial Heritage Savings Trust Fund likely won't reach the \$6.5-billion level previously forecast for March 31, 1991, a drop in natural gas exports to the U.S., prompted by American resistance to increasing Canadian prices, will tighten the sum by \$300 to \$300 million. A federal decision to impose a natural gas export tax would create a crisis, says Laughton, and cost Albertans "thousands and thousands" of jobs. "We have a province where almost half of our labor force is in natural resources, directly or indirectly, by the petroleum industry. If the petroleum industry decides to reduce its output, it just has to affect, in a very significant way, jobs in this province and the total economy of the province."

The wife of the wealthy, again IBM's Martineau, a Tory who left the Alberta legislature to become Federal MP for Edmonton East, allows now that the heritage fund might not have been such a capital idea. "The Heritage Trust Fund is probably the greatest mistake the Alberta government ever made," he sighs. While the fund—\$6.4 billion after five years of savings—may make Albertans look puggy to other Canadians, Yurko points out that the entire fund is barely more than the cost of running the province for a year, that the whole world could bankroll but a maple oil sands plant, while one Cold Lake heavy oil plant could, in turn, save the federal government \$3 billion a year in oil subsidies. Albertans aren't impressed with being rich sisters, Yurko says. They simply need enough money to cover the man-



Yurko (top foreground) and Laughton. Martineau (bottom) doesn't mind national ties

size, and potentially trapping, costs of further oil and gas development, which are inevitable. Canadians—not just Albertans—are used to be self-sufficient in energy.

By Yurko's calculations, Alberta will have to lay hands on \$80 billion—almost 10 heritage funds—in the next decade, to build, negotiate and highway the 60,000 Canadians a year arriving in Alberta to work for oil, and to enable the province to cover the costs of future oil development. Development that Yurko argues convincingly could solve the whole country's energy problems for the foreseeable future. Up to now, he says, the eastern-based banking institutions (most of them with assets far outstripping the heritage fund) have been the "points of decision" for



the new, leaked from the Privy Council last month, that Ottawa expects (and costs) the constitutional talks to fail. Then, shortly after the session ends, Trudeau will recall Parliament to announce he will move unilaterally to terminate the British North America Act, complete with accompanying formula. About the same time, Trudeau will announce that since Alberta won't budge on the oil-pricing issue, Ottawa must also act unilaterally on a new agreement, complete with a national gas export tax. That would lead Canada into a national referendum.

And that, says Stéphane Dion, would be fatal. The referendum would pass because populous Central Canada



the distribution of capital in Canada. "What Alberta wants to do is create a capital pool from oil and gas revenues so that the point of decision—for the interests of Albertans—is here in this province."

Canadians are passing through their first major shift in wealth. The U.S. has seen its economic power shift from the eastern seaboard to the Midwest and, now, to California; in 150 years it's moving now to the Sun Belt. Canadians, Yurko says, have yet to come to grips with the natural flow of capital and human resources to the points of natural resources. And Central Canada, founded on Macdonald's National Policy, is doing everything possible to alter, stop and restrain the otherwise natural flow of capital and wealth from our region to another.

Laughton and Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, on the eve of this week's constitutional talks which Laughton predicted, in advance, would fail, got themselves mixed in a schoolkids' dispute over a birthday party. Trudeau's office made it clear he wanted to be invited to Alberta's 75th anniversary celebration on Labor Day. Laughton's office invited him, belatedly, to a lunch when the PM really hurried after the outdoor party with the birthday cake. The petitioners of



The oil dispute as seen in the *Edmonton Journal* (left) and the *Toronto Globe* (right) not-so-painfully and numbers

the dispute threw an even bigger pall over the real issues than the \$20,000 worth of fireworks sent up in Edmonton last May. Trudeau and Laughton are locked in a battle to their death, or retirement, in the Canadian oil fields of come. Whether it's an Trudeau says, "you weaken the centre [the federal government], you weaken Canada. And if you weaken Canada, you damage all of its parts." Or as Laughton says: "Canada is too large a country, with too small a population, to have dense, urban, over-concentrated in Ottawa." They might, as Laughton half-jokingly suggests, go on arguing until the year 2000.

"My belief is that 1988 will be remembered as the year Canada either solved its constitutional intact, it didn't," says Stéphane Dion, president of the Canada West Research organization. He sees an unavoidable deterioration in the province and, furthermore, after a summer of rallying the troops, Laughton has eight provinces, more or less, lined up behind him (the exception being Ontario's William Davis).

In the face of that deterioration is

has a majority. The West would reject it and the West would not react to such a defeat in the subtler manner that Quebec has to its referendum. The western mood would be politically explosive and most dangerous to our nation's future."

Albertans, when they're not being travelled, are bold and boldened because other Canadians can't see the strategic position of the oil fields. They played the game now, based on a role change, it has been argued, the separation of the oil, the separation of the BNA Act, have become the fabric of a war that has survived since Confederation and has, in the characteristic Canadian way, become a civil war, is everything but the shooting of live ammunition.

On Constitution Day in the Lord Nelson Inn, in downtown Calgary, a chug made sedimented by snorts stood up and proposed a toast. "Heg, ladies and gentlemen, let's drink to Canada, as its birthday." There were, in the big bar, seconds of absolute silence. Then the house exploded into cheers. "It was," an adored drinker and driller, later, "quite unCanadian. We usually do that sort of thing when we go to war." The country, in a sense, is at war. The good news is that Albertans are still willing to drink to Canada. □

The agony and the ecstasy of Terry Fox



By Warren Gergen

He wasn't suddenly beaten, but early last week Terry Fox knew something was terribly wrong. The hopping, running 25-year-old runner was well over the halfway mark in his quest-to-the-ocean relay race, and he was still on the trail for more money. From April 23, when he began his arduous climb into the Atlantic Ocean at St. John's and began his run, well less than a week and 5,265 km later, Terry Fox had become a national symbol of courage, and some close to him and even still-borners. But it wasn't to end as Terry. For thought, and as every Canadian hoped, revolved daily as they saw by the catchy jingle on radio and television, *Ram Terry, Run Barker*, it ended on the Thunder Bay bypass headed for the Bad River Road in Northern Ontario. For two days, maybe three, he hadn't felt right—but he was about to get worse. At the 29-km point on Tuesday's run, he collapsed. "There was a headache of course," he said, "and I was sweating. I started to feel like I wasn't breathing. In about 10 minutes, I still wouldn't quit." People were lining the road along and he wanted to run out of people before he quit. "There was no way I was going to stop running, not with all those people there." So he ran another mile and then there were no more people. And for Terry, no more road.

ings. The first set showed that his left hand had partly collapsed. "They said it could have been caused by an infection, but I could tell right away. I asked them if it could be cancer — these guys have sex that before — and they said it could be a tumor."

His parents, Edie and Betty Fox, are from their home in Port Coquitlam, B.C., to be with Terry. The cancer that had caused him to lose his leg reappeared, had returned, this time to his lungs. Then afterwards, his silent illness continued. "I was so weak, his mother couldn't make him eat, so the other day, Terry held a press conference 'Do you want to ask questions or should I just say what I want?'" It would happen. "I didn't think this would happen, it was an unbelievable shock. I mean, I've been doing great, on those 36 miles every day, up those hills. I had less than 2,800 to go. I thought I was lucky as I could get. Well, I know I had primary cancer in my lungs 34 years ago, and now the cancer has come back. I still really have to go on and have some more treatments, and maybe an operation that will involve opening up my chest, or more drugs. I'll do everything I can. I'm gonna do my very best, I'll fight, I promise I won't give up."

Later, Bill says he was heard to say "I think it's unfair." Very unfair." He said that for the nation in homes, offices and businesses, in the newspapers, on radio and television, there was an outpouring of emotion across the country of anger and fear. "I don't feel that this is unfair," Bill said. "That's the thing about cancer. I'm not the only one, it happens all the time, to other people. I'm not special." This just underscores that Bill, it gives it more meaning, it'll inspire more people."

Terry and his parents flew to Vancouver as a small chartered jet. It landed and taxied to an isolated terminal where a stretcher and an ambulance were waiting. He had ordered a change in the arrival location to avoid reporters and Cancer Society officials he resented and, at a press conference at the Royal Columbian Hospital in New Westminster, he spoke once more, fighting a persistent and obviously painful cough. Wearing his **ARMAMENT OF HOPE** T-shirt, he said, "I did my best hard." And in his determined way he said he wanted to return to complete his chemotherapy.

During the run, Cancer Society officials found out just how stalwart and determined Terry was. Even though they made repeated requests that he have regular medical checkups, he remained. "There's no doctor in the world who has had as anyone who's doing anything on an artificial leg like I am. If I want to see a doctor, and have a



Home to New Westminster with his parents. I don't feel that this is unusual.



Henry Fox and the True Olympics

ing in the 42-year history of the Cen-
Society.²

to Terry, in his odd hop-and-run, moved westward, the country he never aware of what he was doing. On May 18, he was in Sherbrooke, N.B., taking the trip as far was a "piece of cake." On June 4, he was in Fredericton, losing weight and having problems with his artificial leg. That night the sky was coming in—\$100,000, and \$1-million mark looked good. On June 23 he was in Quebec: "At a press conference nobody knew what we were talking about."

In a couple of occasions he was
only run off the road by transport
trucks, and police hauled him from the
Trans-Canada Highway as a traffic
offender. He was picked by bushwackers as
an easy target and the log continued to
roll, and to burn. On his way he met
Brigadier-General Ed Schreyer and
Minister Pierre Trudeau, who
he didn't have time to run with.
He met his brother heroes, Darryl
and Robbie Tait. latter had
should carry on the run if that's what
he wanted. In Toronto, the crowd
was overwhelming—30,000 at city
—and mass were sent to cry.

There were reports of his bad temper the night, that he felt exploited by Cancer Society—and others who tried to make a book for Terry and themselves—but he refused for himself, he defended the Cancer Society. At point where he stopped in Northern area, out of sight of the crowd, so, still determined, Terry Fox had

Also, Tracy Fox achieved massive medical change toward amputation. He showed that cancer, however brutal, is the original flesh-eating disease.

central train, however, is that a wanted black the cards he had been using with in the beginning—all those playing cards he wanted to kill two-legged again an obsession that took him 3 km and then beyond the edge of

is in our memory at this uneasy sunset has been the sight of the worn, fatigued, face, half-shrouded, dragging itself after him that punishing pavement. His quest is, his search for wholeness is, his splen-
drogic clasp in us all. He asserts that
Europe. He has no wonders looked within
mops that pop over seen. His a soul is
isolated that are uncommunicated, uncom-
municable.

People wait to see him run. They wait
in pain. They wait for his locate, gentle
wasp with pity. And they wait instead of
an army to be like. Tony Fox, whole-
soul and unshamed. They longed to
feel naked, about anything. And to go
all out.

**'He is more
than you can see'**

Later that week Canadian writer June Callwood offered her moving tribute to Terry Fox on *cbc: Radio's Commemoration*.

Tony Fife is home in British Columbia, now to face an uncertain future, leaving the rest of us to face our uncertain selves.

The mystery of why Terry Fox fell him into the seat of so much pain isn't known. Terry Fox, a 19-year-old diagnosed with bone cancer, superstitiously avoided the seat in his car. He has a sore leg from a sprained knee that's been inflamed for what Terry Fox calls "a month and a half," and when Terry Fox would become something associated with sports, he'd skip it. The Terry Fox he was played basketball from a wheelchair. The Terry Fox he would become wasn't clear. How does one handle such a strange blow to self-image? One way to stay that the blow hasn't changed. One leg is as real as the other.

lured in Tasmania, people would have pity most of all for them.

her, it is more. He'll prove it. He runs the country in joggling shorts, flouting Hall's decision. He will persevere, and Terry Fox, an unenhanced, unsatiable Terry Fox.

done something that no individual had ever done before—he had raised almost \$4 million for cancer research.

At week's end he was still in hospital, in good spirits. Meanwhile, the country is in a flurry of fund-raising for cancer research. Contributions are coming from everywhere. Businesses, cities, small charities are making pledges. The TV network said it would open up four hours of prime-time Sunday-night television for a tribute to Terry. Fox Pledges will be taken. One radio station, CFCN, in Toronto has raised more than \$200,000. The country is in a frenzy of giving—not so much, perhaps, for cancer research, but for Terry Fox.

Meanwhile, he is undergoing chemotherapy. The progressive cancer Dr. Raymond Stark, director of the Ontario Cancer Foundation, says that during the last few years the survival rate for (resistant) Terry's type of cancer anywhere between 20 per cent and 30 per cent. Yet, when medical experts from Vancouver say that Terry's cancer is one of the most dangerous, spreading frequently to other parts of the body, especially the lungs, one cancer expert said last October that young people between ages 18 and 30 especially hard, and that therein only a 10-per-cent survival rate over a five-year period.

Terry bravely promises to return, to finish the run he started, next year, the year after—maybe. But he accomplished what he set out to do. It was summed up by Sheila Fox (one kilo to Terry) of Kitchener, Ont., a Cancer Society representative, who said, "You know, they say the United States is built on a history of heroes while Canada has none to look up to. But when I looked down the street today and saw Terry, I said, 'There's a hero!'" □

With thanks to Vic Parsons

Will the real Marcus Welby please stand up

Canadians have always been especially proud of medicare. It has been called, perhaps by psychologists, the most progressive legislation ever enacted on the North American continent. It has been studied thoroughly by other countries. And, perhaps most important, it is often invited out as one of the key illustrations of the difference between Canada's values and those of the United States—a sort of medical socialism as opposed to the ruthless every-man-for-himself free enterprise that, mythically at least, characterizes

the American approach.

Little wonder then that recent disturbing reports about the excesses of medicine—government cutbacks on spending and doctors opting out of the scheme—caused public and political furor. Last week, 82-year-old Kenneth Hall, a former Supreme Court of Canada justice, considered the father of medicare in Canada, released a report aimed at judging medicare back toward its original lofty goal and that no one in a country as rich as Canada should have to face financial ruin because of illness.

Hall's report covered many aspects of health delivery in the country, but his main recommendations were that governments should encourage doctors from extra billing their patients; that some form of hospital arbitration be established to settle the increasingly numerous disputes between governments and doctors; and that the three provinces that levy health-care premiums should phase them out.

Now provincial, with the exception of



Quebec, which has special restrictions, allow doctors to charge their patients more than the rates negotiated between governments and doctors' associations. The results of this trend have been felt acutely in Ontario, where up to 15 per cent of doctors had opted out of medicare in 1979. They claimed their incomes were declining, that they had to work too long, and had to hand in cover costs. Others had philosophical objections. "You have a choice of what doctor you want, you should be able to choose the best doctor, too," says John Chaitkin, a family practitioner from Mississauga, Ont. In other words, there should be a Gafflic medical ser-

vice for those who can afford it. But there was a problem: in some small communities, if the only doctors in town opted out there was no choice. And in some specialties—particularly in urban centres such as Toronto—so many doctors have opted out of the plan that it was difficult for a patient to find a psychiatrist or an anesthetist, for example, who charged the standard rate. For Hall the trend had to be stopped before it produced two medical systems—one for the rich and one for the poor.

Not surprisingly, doctors objected furiously—although there was cautious acceptance of the binding arbitration proposal. Dr. Alex MacDevitt, president of the B.C. Medical Association, denounced Hall's suggestion that extra billing is necessary as "a consultant approach." He maintained, "Hospitals treat people more equally than any other segment of society. Just look at hospitals. We have the low-class people

Beagle, Hall, Kitchener—the lofty goal



The Air Show-

You fold here. Your friends fold there.
And with a flick of the wrist you turn your buoyant balcony
into an air show. With big paper planes heading down to land. And tightly
folded jets streaming by. Then you take a moment out from
being Captain to act as Steward, and serve vodka, of course. Made with
the crystal clear taste of Smirnoff, of course, which leaves you breathless. And you sip slowly, because you don't
want to throw caution to the wind.

Smirnoff Style



who aren't taking care of themselves."

That sort of attitude isn't likely to endear the public to the doctor's cause, say more than two other intriguing documents turned up by Hall's researchers. One is a study that shows a declining trust in doctors on the part of the public; the other is a survey that predicts an average net income of more than \$10,000 for Ontario doctors this year—up after taxes, a comfortable salary.

However, not all doctors are Manderville's allies now. The Medical Reform Group of Ontario, a small association of reform-minded doctors and medical students—granted the Hall report, and many individual physicians are privately supportive. Hall points out that of the 450 heads he received in his year-long study, not one called for the abolition of medicine.

The crucial question now is what governments will do with the report, commissioned by former federal health minister David Crombie. Last September Health care is partly financed by the federal and provincial governments in a complex arrangement that leaves delivery of the service largely up to the provinces. Three provinces—Ontario, British Columbia and Alberta—raise money for health care through premiums, largely paid by employers. But that still leaves out people working in small businesses, or the self-employed paying up to \$400 a year in Ontario for medical coverage for a family of four. Hall's report says that the self-employed and called for an immediate privatization of claims that may pour families in Ontario not only cannot afford the premiums but are unaware of government subsidy schemes and are walking around uninsured. So far all three governments have reacted negatively to the proposal. Alberta Health Minister David Russell said that while his province can afford to scrap the premiums they won't—because they are "an important philosophical element" in Alberta's health-care system. B.C.'s Manderville was more blunt. "If it [medical services] in free, you take advantage of it."

That lands the problem squarely in the lap of federal Health Minister Margaret Beigie, who will fight it out with her provincial counterparts at a meeting in Ottawa next week. "As soon as I come into the department, I saw very rapidly the clear link between poverty and lack of access to health care," she said in June. But what—short of threatening to cut off federal funding—can do to bring the provinces in line? The problem is doubly complicated by the current icy relationship between election-bound Ontario Premier Wil-

liam Davis and Pierre Trudeau, who are fighting a campaign front against the other provinces on the constitutional issue. It is hardly surprising that Ontario Health Minister Dennis Trudeau—who has defended the premium system—has been curiously circumspect about the Hall report.

Nonetheless, Mr. Justice Hall, whose 266-page report paved the way for ministers, has provided a sobering prognosis. He will the warning politicians come up with a cure.

Spence Riley

Not everybody's kind of people

The burghers of West Vancouver's exclusive Panorama Village had a quiet life. Their \$150,000 to \$300,000 condominiums lie on a cold-sleek curve curving into the heavily forested mountainside—a tantalizing wall of subdivided plots and order staring over Vancouver harbor and the city. When the locals learned last month that their

view might be soiled by strolling human bodies or a wedding Mount St. Helens erupting plumes of flour, they snappishly ejected to West Vancouver's mayor. Source of the problem is the *West Vancouver Sun*, a newspaper about the village which last week began publishing the robust *Confidential* by Let's Make a Deal, a frantic game show which gobbles up to 600 words a minute—so fast that it would be impossible to read a day. The program's producer, Ontario's Production, quickly moved to provide a \$30 shuttle-bus ride from downtown Vancouver to avoid parking costs and last week, as filming started, the tinted windows of Gray line buses and a dozen security guards kept the gawking, screaming press-seekers out of sight.

Object of the contestants' passions, besides the blushing dishwashers and Brooklyn brawlers sets, is Whistler-born emcee Monty ("Pick me, Monty") Hall, who was round back to the show following a three-year hiatus. After 2,800 daily episodes, he had packed in the Los Angeles-produced *Deal*. "I was tired," he says. In the case, the game show had been astonishingly durable.



Massacring for Monty on 'Let's Make a Deal' (left: Hall, left: 400 words a day)

giving away some \$80 million in prizes over 13½ years. "I watched for years and years, with my mother, and my grandmother," says Ethel May, 86. A Vancouver housewife who has just turned off a hokey prize of two guitars for \$4,519 worth of furniture Hall, who once had the rights to *Let's Make a Deal*, says indignantly, "I'd have preferred to do another show, but the timing wasn't right." The money certainly appears to be an indicator throwing an *all-star* show such as *Deal People*. *Deal* is viewed as a major American machine (although more in Canada, the

PAUL SPENCE

beginning for the taping of 200 shows with an option for 600 more is something of a coup for Canadians, who, along with its American partners, takes advantage of similar liberal Canadian tax breaks that allow co-production revenue in order to qualify, two standby on the original show, machine-guns mouthed announcer Jay Stewart and house Cat Codd Merrill, have been replaced by Canadians—Edmonton announcer Chuck Chandler and two Vancouver models.

None of the all-stars wheeling and dealing concern the cameras would be players who are marched of houses into two solidly built behind the studio doors. Veteran *Deal* writers, Hal and Bertie ("Monty's mother," per *Deal*) chose the 27-year-old "studios" for these. The rest are amateur self-consciously coached into a spiffy burlap by floor prompters. "It's a good night out," laughs George Brooks and, later, Roberta, both waitresses at a Vancouver Hy's restaurant, who swigged Dom Pérignon champagne on the last ride over. They were dressed, in the show's splendid no-nonsense tradition, as a violinist and the July 4th Queen. Its counterpart was Barb Jenkins, 31, a Surrey millworker dressed like Marlene Yakes, who missed out on a \$12,000 Project today when she stumbled over the spelling of the game show's name. "It just a game show," she sighed.

Hal, a trim and tanned 56, bristles at the Panorama Village controversy (manufactured by the *Vancouver Province*). West Vancouver City Manager E.T. Lester, meanwhile, says the shuttle system seems to have worked and dismissed the condo owners who wanted to remove parklets off the streets. "We don't control private freedoms," chuckles Monty. "I still go to bed for the audience against the possible charge of hooliganism." "They're my people," he says. To prove it, he recalls a recent costume party at his California country club, for which he and his friends donned green leotards, bottle-cup hats and encased themselves in a cardboard carton. The dazed and reportedly sexual effect, a *make-up* of *Perry Mason*.

Thomas Hopkins/John Masters

The battle of the Band-Aids

The popular Red Cross image is blood-donor drives, kids' swimming classes and disaster relief, whereas the St. John Ambulance means grey-uniformed first-aid teams on duty at football games or teaching paramedic skills to police, firemen and industry. But with the jacking of an easy cross, the two largest agencies are



Red Cross instructor teaches B.C. youths (top); St. John instructor teaches Ontario trainees (far right)

ready to start brawling in the streets over who gets to update the poor hating emergency services. In a blindingly slick spectacle, Dr. Bruce Robertson, a part principal and vice-chairman of McGill University, who, by last week, had abandoned his four-year effort to head their differences and get agreement on dividing responsibility for first-aid training—traditionally the preserve of the St. John Ambulance.

The Red Cross battle cry, "The profile of first aid ... at all levels ... in a noncompetitive way," could steamroller the St. John, which depends on first-aid training fees from business and manufacturers for 68 per cent of its \$8-million budget. By comparison, the far larger and more diversified Red Cross has a budget of \$20 million.

The fray will mean duplication of services and a waste of money, claims Robertson, C.J. Lauer, chairman of the St. John Ambulance Association, across the Canadian Red Cross Society of "trying to horn in at our expense,"

despite his group's having offered numerous concessions during the long drawn-out negotiations chaired by Livingston. Now that it's on, Lauer views the battle "will take a long time and there will be a hell of a fight. Both men credit William Livingston, Red Cross executive committee chairman, with having brought parties and a strong personal commitment to the search for a sensible division of territory. However, Livingston was unable to dissuade his organization from rejecting a draft agreement that Robertson described as being "very close," and deciding that the competitive approach was as

good for first-aid work as for selling park-litters.

The Red Cross says expansion of its first-aid training "was only helpful" to Canadians, pointing out that while accidents are a leading cause of death only 1½ per cent of Canadians are trained annually in first-aid. Says Robertson: Livingston's proposal is a good one for recognition by the St. John Ambulance and the Red Cross without waste of money or duplication of services." Pigeon director Dr. Wayne Huxley insists the Red Cross won't be selling new business, but describes its recently developed first-aid training program as having "great application to industry and business"—the St. John's area of concentration.

The Red Cross seems to be in a more co-operative mood today than in 1942, when Ottawa had to employ the War Measures Act to get it working as a branch with St. John, or when it was joined into another government-spared agreement in 1950, abandoned in 1976. The newly drawn battle lines may produce more canals than the two first-aid tents between them can contain.

Paul Koring

The slicked-down hair and full mustache were new, but the haughty style was familiar as **Freddie Mercury's** vocals soared through 48 speakers. In one of the few sellout grandstand shows at the Canadian National Exhibition, which closed last week, his group, **Queen**, belted 80,000 with an eye-blistering light show and plenty of dry ice for 100 minutes. Mercury, an aeronautics and parent who shuns even who he stands with, defied death to these incendiary performances. A rockshow is something to be thrown in the crowd and a guitar or banjo as accessories. "I don't usually play that," he admitted at one point, adding candidly, "I only know four chords."

A year ago when the External Affairs portfolio in a cabinet run by **Prime Minister Trudeau** could expect some identify problems. So when **Mark MacGuigan** accepted the job last March and forthwith let it be known that he was going to be his own man, there were some who heard the siren from 24 Sussex Drive and had their doubts. Last week the word from Ottawa was that MacGuigan may be about to have his identity crisis solved for him—ever, of all things, the airport that **Prime Minister Meήsaw** **Meήsaw** wants to build in **Grenada**. The same arose when the European Community's commissioner for development and **Canada's** **Charron**, mused that Cuba was "using **Thatcher** out and suggesting that Canada should come to the rescue" and others in memory of the Cuban contributions to an airport. **Prime Minister MacGuigan's** resistance was an apprehensive harrumph about the dangers of **Reds** under the runways. Trudeau, however, left **Charron** a more sympathetic ear. The result is a reversal in the fund between External Affairs and the Canadian International Development Agency, which likes the idea of outposting both **Canada** and its longtime partner partners at External. The hot money says no content will be **Trudeau** and **CDI** by a knockout.

"I don't want to run arguments," said former **Yugoslav** leader and very reverent **Yugoslav** **Abdo Hoffman**, as he turned **houseless**? In last week after 6½ years of underground life. In 1976, Hoffman was arrested for trying to profile 1½ tons of cocaine to a man and he fled the mainstream of life to avoid a paraflic life sentence. The story of his drop-out years is revisited in his autobiography, **So You're a Major Motion Picture**, which was, "surprisingly," released the same week Hoffman reported to the police and made an appearance on **AMC's** **60/30** show with **Barbara Walters** presiding. "There are too many people who



Mercury shouting while he stands still



Ali training the spuds of spuds

ring Muhammad Ali in 1971, but the heavyweight world is changing. **Actress** **Gwen Frazee**, 42, who has played a variety of soubres on **M*A*S*H**, recently received her license to referee fights in California. Already a judo 10-year-old victim has awarded Frazee with belts and kisses, but she is in no way aware of the other spuds of spuds. "I've had a lot of heat on the back of my shirt, so I know the referee gets all the crap."

There's no doubt that in time The **composing** of **royals**/Will he be one of our North Park residents? So served North York teacher **Edward Baskin**, 50, whom **Maya's** **Red** **Castro** over in last week as the **Met's** **Concerto** manager's official post laureate. For giving all the news that **the** **new** **official** **function**, **Baskin**, who has been published in his school's staff bulletin, will be paid a nickel-for-the-pounds of the **it** a **year**.

Indian negotiator **James Salsik** hopes to be kept writing—especially by tardy cabinet ministers. Salsik spent a year in Ottawa, working for the Indian affairs ministry to amass a negotiator to discuss land claims of the Inuit Tapirtoot over about 1.5 million square miles of land and sea. After 12 months of negotiations, Salsik packed his suitcase and left the capital, returning to his home in Eureka Point, N.W.T. Indian Affairs Minister **John Moore**, who was in a **Blantyre**, **Ont.**, hospital suffering as **abstinent** in his **line** following removal of his **iron** **rein**, was **visited** by **Salsik's** homecoming. He promptly named **Salsik**, lawyer **Robert MacNeil** to head land negotiations for the eastern Arctic. That's not quite good enough for **Salsik**, who suggests that from now on ministers should have to come to **his** **office**.

It would have seemed incongruous for **Eric Foner** to have hugged and kissed **former** **Arthur Worswick** after **outpost-**

The fifth annual Festival of Festivals opened its doors to international film-makers last week. "At **Cannes**, they make you dress up and wear **your** **best**," says **John** **Wright**, "but you don't have to **dress** **up**," said producer **Eric Marchal**, who was invited to his **inaugural** **site** by festival director **Wayne Clark**. Nevertheless, Marchal, who is one of the **new** **young** **gala** **presenters** of **London's** **Concerto**, **stating** **James Cobain** and **Shirley** **MacLaine** **Chase** **and** **their** **accompanying** **Imogenes** were in a **fever** **around** the **theatre** as **humane** **made**

their **way** **through** the **throngs** **who** **gathered** **to** **get** **a** **glimpse** **of** **those** **appealing** **the** **gala** **were** **Cobain** **who** **also** **stars** **in** **Marchal's** **film** **Mr. Paterno** **and** **Concorde's** **executive** **producer** **David** **Bruckner**, 58, who arrived with his **Saints** **and** **sons** **John** **Bruckner**, 26, **and** **David**, 22, **stainless** **steel** **of** **TV** **and** **movie** **production** **for** **Time-Life** **Inc.** **This** **year**, "he's about **lose**, **marriage**, **advice** **and** **being** **together**—**ever-** **thing** **that's** **happening** **now**."

He **posed** **to** **women** **because** **they** **can** **identify** **with** **what** **I** **sing** **about**," **explains** **rythm** **and** **blues** **singer** **Willie** **Musician**, whose latest album, **For Men Only**, should serve to dispel the frequent cliché **clipped** **out** **to** **George** **Shirley** **and** **the** **crew** **at** **Mr. Paterno**. Indeed, **voicing** **slightly** **agitated** **Spades** **bodyparts** **and** **ringing** **about** **the** **woes** **of** **wayward** **husbands** **and** **the** **loneliness** **of** **the** **lost** **woman** **hardly** **qualify** **him** **as** **a** **softie** **for** **easy-peaches**. "I'm **just** **trying** **to** **be** **true** **to** **life**," **says** **Musician**, who **spins** **his** **songs** **with** **earthy** **language** **and** **unbridled** **dis-** **lipsmacking** **and** **unashamed** **hand-** **clapping**. **Musician** **claims** **that** **"Feminists** **just** **aren't** **interested** **in** **him** **as** **a** **horny** **woman**." **He** **complains**, **"I'm** **sure** **many** **of** **them** **don't** **hate** **all** **the** **way** **through** **my** **songs."**

While **they** **are** **calling** **it** **a** **"trade** **war**" **and** **although** **they** **have** **put** **to** **battle** **on** **the** **high** **seas**, **disputes** **have** **been** **settled** **at** **both** **sides** **of** **the** **Atlantic**. **The** **unlikely** **contenders** **are** **Canada's** **Tel-** **net** **and** **British** **Telecom**. **The** **two** **video** **systems** **have** **been** **in** **iron** **competition** **in** **the** **international** **mar-** **keting** **and** **Telcom**, **griffing** **the** **newest** **technology**, **but** **they** **have** **done** **quite** **well** **for** **themselves**. **With** **an** **all-** **far-on-lon-** **and** **corporate** **war** **in** **the** **air**, **the** **British** **issued** **a** **statement** **this** **summer** **that** **their** **system** **was** **name-** **holed** **as** **an** **international** **governing** **body** **as** **the** **preferred** **videoconfer-** **encing**. **When** **asked** **if** **the** **errors** **of** **fact** **made** **the** **way** **to** **Canadian** **shores**, **Minister** **of** **Communications** **Francis** **Fox** **had** **to** **get** **to** **it** **by** **paying** **cricket**. **Fox** **named** **his** **own** **team**, **saying** **that** **the** **competition** **was** **"so** **hot** **in** **the** **area**." **Andrew** **Stewart**, **a** **business** **for** **British** **Telecom**, **notes** **that** **it's** **all** **a** **misunderstanding**. **"I'm** **quite** **willing** **to** **come** **to** **Canada** **to** **discuss** **the** **mat-** **ter**," **he** **says**, **"but** **I'm** **afraid** **of** **being** **shot** **at** **the** **border."**

Edited by **Barbara Boulton**



The **Blueskinny**—**Inviting** **morning** **nocturne**



Lee and **Eric** **Clapton** **in** **the** **dark** **and** **the** **dark**



Just when **T**-shirts reading **RENAISSANCE** **IS** **MY** **FAITH** **BEING** **MADE** **INTO** **VOGUE**, **The** **Gramps** **guitarist** **left** **the** **group** **and** **was** **replaced** **by** **a** **woman**

—**Barbara Walker**

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY 105

But will they make it work?

By Peter Lewis

He had been on for two weeks as Poland's new world around him, and his countrymen had begun to suspect that he might just manage, against all the odds, to retain his shaky throne. But time can eat suddenly on Friday night for Edward Gierek, the Communist party boss whose modish conciliatory doctrine had stirred Poland straight toward disaster, with the dramatic announcement that he had been taken to a Warsaw clinic with heart trouble. A matter of hours later the central committee gathered in a hoo-hoo-like session to name "interim" leaders. Hence, in the center of the Polish capital, in answer to the discredited Gierek's departure and to pack his successor, the country's new security chief Stanislaw Kania.

The name came as a surprise. Earlier betting on the leadership stakes was heavily on Stefan Glempski, 65, an ambitious conciliatory reformer whom Gierek had sent from political exile in East Germany two weeks ago to help deal with the runaway strikes that were crippling the country and were to force the party to grant workers the right—never before ascribed in a Communist country—to set up their own unions and strike unions.

However, the choice of hard-line Kania, a 55-year-old apparatchik who took over internal security in 1971, was not expected to signal a crackdown on the freedoms that have sprung from Poland's year of democracy. Nor was it obvious that Kania's appointment had been forced through by the Soviet Union. Although President Leopold Bielecki's warm greeting to their new party leader seemed some evidence among Poles, the tough Glempski would probably have voted the Krieski just as well. "Kania got the nod simply because his functions gave him a wider grasp of the situation than others in the top job," declared a Polish foreign office aide, who described the new party boss as "efficient, stink-stink, and essentially quite moderate."

A thakore's man with bushy hair, Kania has good marks under Gierek by acting strictly to command, steering clear of political intrigue and persistently keeping a quiet profile. He crooked smiles in the 1976 riots but, later, when the party offered Poland a degree of freedom, did nothing to halt the process



Kania (top left), Gierek, happy minute; how much muscle does he need to deal with trouble?

of liberalization. In the crucial turmoil, Kania surprised some observers by being every bit as antipopular and authoritarian as his government's predecessors. And, indeed, in the Gierek leadership workers and citizens pitied him. Those that bore out the paradox in Kania's Europe that security bosses are frequently more "liberal" than other Communist top-leaders, if only because they know exactly what is going on and how much muscle they need to deal with trouble. This impression was reinforced by Kania's memorable address in the nation on Saturday night in which he promised to renew the democratic links between government and people and appeared to endorse a square-meat role in favor of adroit leadership.

But the mess Kania is inheriting from 67-year-old Gierek would test the rosiest character. With Poland's economy in shambles from 18 years of neglect, its workers on the warpath and the Soviet Union poised to walk in should chaos ensue, Kania has hardly any room to manouver. You do not have to be an

economist to realize that he will be unable to deliver as many of the bread-and-butter pledges the government made to the Gierek era. And, indeed, the workers, let alone those other than him, of every freedom they obtained. Yet, if he writes away to his blithely at the historic past, he risks igniting the country. Last week's unrest in Silesia was an indication of what could happen were the authorities to withhold the benefits of the mildest Gierek agreements from other workers, and fresh strikes will likely erupt here and there until every last man has it in writing that he is eligible for the advantages won by the industrial elite.

Just how hamstrung the government is on this issue became clear at a crucial moment in the Gierek talks when Deputy Prime Minister Wieslaw Jagielski found himself confronting the strikers' demands for a general 2,000-ruble pay rise. Jagielski groaned and flinched as he realized that 10,000 rubles a month for 12 million Poles would boost the

The two Baltic miracle makers

THE second-floor flat at Mirochowski 80

We've no financial problems, but we don't have a bank account for all these contributions from all over Poland and the whole world. To open a bank account in organized form to have a rubber stamp and the central in Warsaw has rejected our design for one it is typical.

Elsewhere, Wilemski set slumped on a wooden chair, drinking whisky and trying to keep his blistery eyes open. "We are not yet a trade union," he said sharply. "We are in the trade union of individual entrepreneurs. We are writing our statutes. We have to be careful about foreign advisors. Of course, we're grateful for all the advice we get, but I've got foreign advisors who are not there to help us. They are there to profit from us. We have to find our own way, a Polish way."

Wilemski does not want to have a central union. He wants separate unions in all branches of industry, to make sure they remain competitive. "They stop helping us from all over the country, the people who want to form the other unions, who are not interested in us. I don't know any institutions. We haven't control ourselves yet."

Life is changing for Wilemski, too. Three weeks ago he was unemployed, slumming it in a dilapidated two-room flat with his wife and six children, the youngest only seven years old. Last week they were all sick because of the damp and overcrowding. But Wilemski is getting a new apartment, a car and even a chauffeur from his new union.

It is a very rough demand, and it's questionable how far I stand up to the pressure of the law. But the workers would lay down their lives for him, as they would for Wilemski. In the middle of the crowd someone pressed a bunch of fresh flowers into her hand. She stood silent, looking at Wilemski and then took her flowers. Then there is the money.

For Wilemski, also, there is a new president. His name is his resistance on French. During the Soviet war he was a new president of the Spanish Communist Party.



Wilemski (left) and Glempski: the Polish way

damaged place on earth you sense the Polish crisis." For sheer excitement, a soccer match pitting a tea club in Warsaw against Lechia last Wednesday had the streets hands down. Far from being the newstanders for the latest word, the crowds had returned to bring up the wise drug, Mariawalka, for no reason—the no-skytka special that so pleases the people's legendary event tooth.

An excellent barometer of crisis is the black market rate for dollars offered by the battlers who approach tourists around the big hotels. Normally three times higher than the official rate, it soared to six times when numbers turned truly to Gdansk. On Saturday it was down to four.

Do the Poles realize they are living historic days? Not really. Events have moved so fast, leading them out of a kind of apathy. "It will take months or years for the largest parties," said economist Tadeusz Szwarc, "but I don't expect Polish society to be turned topsy-turvy. We mean to gradually graft change onto the present system to obtain our own brand of socialism." A leading Warsaw journalist, who asked not to be identified, pointed out that Poland's geographical position meant it could not aspire to Western democracy. "But we are certainly held out for the very best brand of socialism available," he added. Still, no one imagines for a moment that the interlocking frenzies generated at Gdansk and elsewhere will

No good news from the weapon front

MORE than a billion dollars of US funds are being struggled to construct a weapons refinery with three reactors. 114 billion dollars worth of US funds are also being used to develop nuclear weapons. The heroic symbol of Geneva's Palais des Nations will angrily be the League of Nations' nearest unwholesome appropriate in view of the failure of that body.

The occasion was the final session of the current review conference on the non-proliferation agreement. After four weeks of increasingly acrimonious deliberations the conference passed item T. Kutan of Iraq extended it for 24 hours beyond its Friday deadline so that the US delegates could fly to Washington on the unlikely errand of extracting concessions from President Jimmy Carter forced under pressure to match the arms cuts of Ronald Reagan.

The Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty (NPT) signed in 1968 is essentially a ban on the nuclear "heavies" and the



McPhail (left) and Costa, more realistic



Issue note: in which the nuclear weapons states have agreed to negotiate, in stages, the arms and nuclear supplier states agree to help non-nuclear states to acquire nuclear technology for peaceful purposes.

The three nuclear weapons signatories of the US, Soviet Union and UK were put freely in the dock for failing to carry out their pledges by Ambassador Gavril Rozenfeld of Mexico heading a group of 77 developing countries. Since signing the NPT he said the three powers had set off 400 nuclear explosions and increased their total of nuclear weapons from 5,000 to 16,000. Canada's David McPhail agreed with

the losses incurred by the strikes and to inspire confidence among creditors to the West," he insisted.

Western economists, who estimate losses from the walkout at something between \$2 and \$4 billion, couldn't agree more, despite President Jimmy Carter's willingness at week's end to offer a further \$100 million in food credits, on top of \$180's \$500 million.

But Pankowski also touched on a sore point here. Although Poland's industrial workers are a pampered minority—a man's salary of 10,000 zlotys is worth double that of an associate university professor—they are not known wielders of the hammer and the shovel.

"In fact, they're world-class if you compare them to the East Germans and Czechs," said a Canadian economist on post in Warsaw. "You can find excuses for them because they're reflected by the lack of incentives of the socialist system in which transportation, energy and farming have all collapsed. But the fact remains they are inefficient and underproductive."

When the strikes were being wage with government negotiators at Gdansk, it was their enemies—and management—fear that they could walk out for work lost through their 16-day strike by turning in a week of "real work." Additionally they promised, in the event of victory, to work out a lot harder in the future. The government now shows every sign of holding them to their word. □

right of the citizens and called for a return to the Trudeau-style of subculture by dispense the arm race of the region on which it rests. However, Maffei could not come along, disapproving of a resolution to allow the Canadian Foreign Affairs Club to accept an offer of the US to fly over the Canadian air space with no word of going to those who had not agreed the avoidance of bombing interests.

The group of 77 made little sense as accountable to the three nuclear weapons powers, an irresponsible megalomaniac on nuclear tests, adherence by the US and Soviet Union to the NPT, namely the establishment of a US working group to take over the interstellar negotiations for a comprehensive nuclear test ban treaty and the appointment of a single group to oversee lower-level general disarmament.

At things stood when Earl Low to Washington, home of the signatory states were coming round to the view expressed by Peru's Felipe Valenzuela that some countries might renounce the NPT. To them it seemed that states that have acquired or are on the threshold of acquiring the bomb—Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, North Korea, Egypt, India, Israel, Pakistan, South Africa and Spain—might have taken the more realistic course.

Tom Bradby

U.S.A.

Marching to a different drummer



Courtesy of AP

By Michael Posner

Dependent on when our future is, the campaign of independent presidential candidate Jim Anderson is either poised to surge into ascendancy or about to burn out of gas. The disciplines of politics are quite convincing. There is no money in the campaign chest, they say—not enough to mount the club network television ads Anderson needs. Polls have recognized him well, and the entire country has abruptly turned onto the willowy lap of New York mayor-musician David Geffen, a shrewd political analyst, but not unusually loved. Perhaps worst of all, the chain of former Wisconsin governor and Kennedy supporter Pat Leahy as running mate is unlikely to deliver the vote-getting power Anderson must generate in the northeast. All of these factors have been reflected in the polls, which now show the born-again Illinois congressman with roughly 15-per-cent support—the magic number he must reach to qualify for the televised League of Women Voters presidential debates.

Last week, however, Anderson seemed to shrug off adversity to score two modest but significant victories. The Federal Election Commission (FEC) ruled his campaign eligible for retroac-

tive financing, if he wins at least five per cent of the vote on Nov. 4, with independent electoral support, he would receive \$205,000-plus. This decision is expected to fuel the campaign's fundraising efforts and renew momentum. At the same time, New York's influential Liberal party endorsed it would endorse the Anderson-Leahy ticket. The party has traditionally supported Democratic candidates, a familiar alliance with Anderson might well prop up Jimmy Carter's chances of winning the state's 51 electoral college votes, which most political observers believe will be critical in determining the November outcome.

Under U.S. election laws, only fully funded political parties are eligible for public subsidies for the FEC ruling said Anderson's campaign had the functional equivalent of party status. That national provided a swift response from the fledgling Citizens Party. "We had to break our ranks to qualify for funding, holding a national convention, nominating candidates for Congress, state and local offices, all the trappings, as I see this," says Citizens Director Bert DeLoach. "We plan to have a great year."

The Citizens Party ticket is headed by socialist Dr. Barry Commoner (LaDonna Harris, a Comanche Indian, is the vice-presidential candidate), and it is among the more serious of the half-dozen or so contenders with no chance of winning. Victory, most of them say, is less important than broadening the base and establishing credibility. The Citizens Party, with a national dues-paying membership of

Anderson (above), Chavis (below left), Davis (center), and Compton. The pixel is too small for us to sit on the evidence



U.S., has announced a thoughtful platform, calling for a coalition of disaffected Republicans, Democrats and independents to find "bold new ideas" for solving America's myriad problems. "The planet is too small, too crowded, too dangerous and too fearful for any of us to sit on the sidelines any longer," Gossenier will be as the ballot in 25 states in November, and intends to spend about \$800,000 in his campaign drive, says DeLoach. "We're frankly looking to 1984. If we can win five percent, we'll be able to return our debt and be eligible for matching funds in '84. But with or without the subsidies, we're in this stay."

That same claim is made by the Libertarian party, which likewise expects to represent a new coalition of angry or confused Americans. Their standard-bearer, attorney Ed Clark, will likely be on the ballot in 50 states. Two years ago, he ran for governor of California, partition-

ing 400,000 votes. This autumn, running on a platform that stresses deregulation of the economy, cuts of military spending, a whacking tax cut and a system of tax credits in public and private education, he is doing surprisingly well.

At least three left-wing parties have nominated candidates for November, including the Communist party, headed by Gus Hall and former Black Panther minister Angela Davis. The Workers World Party is championed. Wendell Givens, a former wrestler, was nominated by the House Committee on Un-American Activities as one of the country's most dangerous radicals. The party is antinuclear, anti-atomic, anti-capitalism. Its vice-presidential hopeful is Black activist Larry Holmes (no relation to the fighter). He is described as campaigner every day since 1970, but so far has run in state and the ballot in just three states. Who is to say that he did not win the role of the big unknown?

Never AFK's George Marshall Duran (1942-1972)

quently to the roadside for attempting to organize strikers against the war.

If these leftists seem settle-

ment, the Socialist Workers Party may face an even more difficult handicap. Its candidate, Chicago steelworker Andrew Polley, is under constitutional age for president (25) and thus must be replaced on the ballot in most states by a surrogate. According to a party spokesman, Polley was the best qualified for the job, and had been to Grenada, thus giving him foreign policy expertise. The two socialist parties plan to spend more than \$100,000, at least 10 times as much as Rep. John G. Martin's Third World Assembly. A Bayesian statistician in Washington, D.C., Martin has been campaigning every day since 1970, but so far has run in state and the ballot in just three states. Who is to say that he did not win the role of the big unknown?

It's bloodier in the Bahamas

It has become known in diplomatic circles that the mystery of the bodies in the boat, and 40 dead, have some of the classic ingredients of a whodunit: a missing corpse, an abandoned yacht, and the specter of piracy in a Caribbean setting. The central character is Harry Youell, a member of the Bahamas state legislature, who was on a powerboat trip with his son off the Bahamas this summer when they spotted a small yacht adrift in a cove. A number of bodies were floating in the swell when they found them. They saw the body of the dying man — the body of a man. He had been shot in the back.

The yacht, flying an American flag, was named *Karen*. There was no one else aboard but Youell found bloodstains and what looked like a human skull. He reached the shore. Gay Creek Club, which guards police in Nassau, Ans., significantly in view of subsequent events, "closed fire" (the gun salute) with his men. Youell, as he explained last week, was a bit too hotheaded. Police would want to go to the boat — and when they got there, they said the body was gone. There was police and no sign that a crime had been committed.

Frazzled and angry, Youell contacted the U.S. was asked to be left to the United States had jurisdiction in the matter. But he was not prepared to let the matter drop and learned off the fact that the *Karen* belonged to a middle-aged Florida couple, William and Phyllis Koenert, who had sailed their boat out of Port Myers Beach in early July on a holiday trip and had not been seen since. What a coincidence! says Larry Garris, director of the Washington-based Council on Hemispheric Affairs. "There have been more allegations of close links between the drug-smuggling agencies and the authorities in the Bahamas. There is a lot of bribery



The murder scene: bloodstains and skulls.

and corruption needed.

There is also a lot of violence and tragedy. A recent report from the U.S. coast guard to the maritime command showed that over a 10-year period 200 U.S. patrol cabin cruisers and their crews disappeared without trace on the high seas, most of them in the Caribbean. Said a spokesman in the disappearance of the *Karen*. A police official said last week that the case was still under investigation, but they were taking the lifeless body to crime — although the cabin was specified with double doors. Disappeared in this area. Maybe they had an overdose and drown. I don't know and a spokesman.

Officially, the state department doesn't know either though the case has been a major topic of private discussion among diplomats. But other sources are less reticent. Says Larry Garris, director of the Washington-based Council on Hemispheric Affairs: "There have been more allegations of close links between the drug-smuggling agencies and the authorities in the Bahamas. There is a lot of bribery

William Lowther

Sports



LE MARATHON INTERNAT

Alone together hitting the wall

By Mike McHugh

A t a distance they could be spines, tall in the wind-swept and colors parting and merging in the haze. But as they draw closer the details become more apparent. They are runners, the only ones who make the slow, steady, rhythmic strides that are blisters, blisters and blisters and pop, shied, over thigh, blood, knee, knee and tendon, ligaments stretch and twist. The distances increase, resistance is broken.

The latest target was Rennes-sous-forêts, Rennes' second, international marathon last weekend. Saturday's run was for elite athletes (10 men and five women) capable of maintaining a pace of five-minute miles over the entire 26½-mile course. Responding to criticism of last year's event, organizers rearranged the route around the Olympic Village and through the heart of the city, linking with a final stretch of the Esplanade, where David Carrasco of Great Britain won in two hours, 11 minutes, 20 seconds. Sunday's run was open to novices and all comers (approximately 30,000 who, like me, numbering 30,000, started at the starting line on the Jacques Cartier Bridge).

Why would anyone want to enter such a race and endure the agony of those last few miles? Runners reply call it "hitting the wall" — when all the reserves of muscle sugar are spent and there is nothing left but an over strain and a heartbreak leading to stag and my. This year's Boston Marathon women's division winner, 25-year-old Jacqueline Garrow of Montreal, was among those who were apprehensive about the elite race. Only reluctantly would she discuss her worries: "Sorry runner has something bad. For me it is the back of my knee and my shoulder (the result of a fall in a race)." She

Garrow, Lynne (below left), German. In each marathon you must suffer



feared at the thought: "If only I had a few more weeks of training." In such earnestness she has entered she has received her time (the best) but Boston was two and a half minutes faster than this race. She couldn't help but mention Jacqueline Garrow, 45 seconds ahead of her, but the slower pace of "two hours and 20 minutes" absorbs her completely. Like breaking the four-minute mile, it is on the other side of the wall.

On the starting side of that "wall" is the realization when the idea to run first took hold, then the tedious process of crossing the edge of endurance further. After the race, they could still feel the pounding on the ankle, knee and ankles acting as if they were bags long in need of air, between themselves with a terrible grating sound. Jacqueline Garrow says when it is up, "Each marathon is very special and in each you must suffer." And they did. ☐

A Royal contender for an old crown

In the world of sport there is no expert to say that use of the most difficult strategy any athlete attempts is to serve a round object (a baseball) propelled at 90-100 m.p.h. with a curved surface (a baseball bat). In support of the experts, a success rate of one in three usually warrants a salary increase. And those who succeed in doing

homework of the Kansas City Royals of the American League has been briefly challenging Williams' place in history. A traditional pastime of performance in baseball is "since the all-star break" which falls at the season's midway point. Since the all-star break, Brett has hit .447 with at least one hit in 50 of 54 games, 13 home runs, four triples, 18 doubles, and has scored 47 runs and batted in 39. At one stretch he hit safely in 30 consecutive games (at a .967 pace), including 19 runs and hitting six home runs. After playing in 50 games with 265 trips to the plate, Brett's average stood at .403—19 home runs, nine triples, 39 doubles, 109 runs batted in and 154 total hits in game 100 at week's end. Brett hit a double in four trips to the plate and his batting average dipped to .398—the first time since Aug. 38 it was below .400.

Baseball is perhaps the most individual of team sports, with statistics duly registered for patiently after each pitch. Many players have had outstanding seasons and been lasting titles on living teams but Brett's achievement this season are even more remarkable when it comes to the proportion of his team's performance. An ankle injury forced him to miss 35 games in that time, the Royals won 16 and lost 17.

But if it plays in Topeka?

With the Toronto Argonauts and Montreal Alouettes of the Canadian Football League and West Saturday night TV viewers in Quebec could watch the game but it is not available anywhere else in Canada. The game was, however, available in all 48 U.S. states and Guam. The annual \$14 million cable-TV subscribers linked to TeleMontreal Sports. The programming network (primarily based in Montreal) could reach those live and in color Canadian broadcasters Don Cherry and Russ Jackson supplied the commentary for the French-language network the picture. We had to get Cherry and Jackson to do the game," says Tom Lamothe, Matthews because "we didn't think a play-by-play in French would go over too well down here." By pay-per-view, the game will be broadcast 50 regular games.

Previous attempts to get up an international broadcast of the CFL with mid-season games were foiled by the Canadian Football Council. The Canadian Football Council's president, John Rod Carew, who lost \$30 in 1977, but all have failed, falling back onto the 300s in the dog days of August and September. But that means the 27-year-old third

baseman of the Kansas City Royals of the American League has been briefly challenging Williams' place in history. A traditional pastime of performance in baseball is "since the all-star break" which falls at the season's midway point. Since the all-star break, Brett has hit .447 with at least one hit in 50 of 54 games, 13 home runs, four triples, 18 doubles, and has scored 47 runs and batted in 39. At one stretch he hit safely in 30 consecutive games (at a .967 pace), including 19 runs and hitting six home runs. After playing in 50 games with 265 trips to the plate, Brett's average stood at .403—19 home runs, nine triples, 39 doubles, 109 runs batted in and 154 total hits in game 100 at week's end. Brett hit a double in four trips to the plate and his batting average dipped to .398—the first time since Aug. 38 it was below .400.

Baseball is perhaps the most individual of team sports, with statistics duly registered for patiently after each pitch. Many players have had outstanding seasons and been lasting titles on living teams but Brett's achievement this season are even more remarkable when it comes to the proportion of his team's performance. An ankle injury forced him to miss 35 games in that time, the Royals won 16 and lost 17.

has heard of that terrible score. The CFL bought back its agreement from 1981 and bought out with more in Gaudet's words "a well-handled network." In \$800,000 two years.

A measure of the CFL's popularity in the U.S. market was an effort for a booklet explaining the differences between the Canadian and American games. "We only offered it for two weeks," says Matthews, "and we received 5,000 requests." On the air for a year, last week (100) began 24 hours per day, seven days a week of sports broadcasting. The marketplace (the sports fans) can now reach health, genetics, U.S. college football games, each week, plus everything from the pre-broadcasts to full-contact hand. "The CFL is very important to us," says Matthews, "especially with the National Football League tied up with the big networks."

For Gaudet and the CFL, 1989 is very important. The league is currently negotiating a new contract with the Canadian networks. The last pact (\$2.2 million per year) paid off barely 10% of the \$1.5447 million over four years. The CFL is hoping for more than 100. "I like to think all the core agreement is a little loosening of the loose end of U.S. culture into Canada," says Gaudet. "And makes to the firm connection, perhaps a subscriber in Topeka won't look at a listing in a game involving Saskatchewan and ask, 'What's a Saskatchewan?'"

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canisters containing more than 10,000 letters. Using the low-capital franchise route pioneered by U.S. realty companies such as Century 21 Real Estate Ltd. and Bratty World Ltd., "Block Bros." president, Arthur Block, 55, hopes to go national. Even with its exclusively western base, Block Bros. is already among the largest real estate brokers in North America, such as California's Caldwell Banker and A.E. LePage Ltd. and Royal Trust, both of Toronto.

Block Bros.' surge this month is a rebirth of sorts for the 25-year-old Vancouver-based company, which brokered \$2.3 billion in property in fiscal 1979-80. Two years ago its corporate image was marred when the founders bought up its publicly traded shares, turning it into a private company and then almost immediately selling the majority control to "Decore's" land development giant, Olympia & York Developments Ltd., itself a privately owned company. Analysts subsequently tended to write the western company off as a wing of the O&Y empire. The low profile was aggravated by company founder, President Arthur Block's natural reticence on the inside (he is openly envious of the marketing talents of O&Y's Rechmann brothers) and the unhappy departure from the company in January, 1979, of Arthur's brother and long-time partner, Henry, 54. Though both brothers are devout Methodists, Henry's "born again" conversion had begun to intrude into the business. Brought home and sales down 35 per cent in 1978) led to the quiet sacking of Henry from the presidency, along with several senior executives. Arthur, who had been chairman, took the president's post. The massing left the brothers estranged and understandably unwilling to discuss the matter. Arthur will say only, "Every company grows, meets plateau and needs a new thrust. That's what happened to us."

Still, it had been a long association and was hard to break. Born in Saskatchewan, the brothers grew up poor with their mother, householder. Father and six brothers, in a small Victoria, B.C., town at the head of the Fraser River, Arthur worked his brother in their first real estate office in east-end Vancouver in 1952. Arthur handled the numbers, Henry the selling know-how, then pioneered the use of "leads"—guaranteeing the sale of a client's old house to ensure the sale of a new one—and in 1962 were the first Canadian real estate brokerage firm to go public. They moved into rates of mid-range houses in middle- and working-class areas, leaving the earnings trade to the independents, prompting one analyst to call them the "Zellers of Canadian real estate." By the early 1970s, they had introduced rudimentary com-



Arthur Block: shipping muscle and sales

puter systems and catalogues. Sometimes the innovations didn't work. Listings on videotape worked in rural areas but were a bust in the cities. A 26,000-acre residential and recreational land deal 400 km northeast of Vancouver flopped and, in 1977, 35,000 acres had to be dumped. When Olympia & York paid more \$35.5 million for 47 per cent of the company in 1978, values, their total halving to \$6 per cent, analysts saw it as a good cheap buy."

Insisting that O&Y has been the "perfect" owner and that Block Bros' survival plans are internally generated, Arthur Block says the company plans to move into the "up-and-coming" market of small-towns Canada for franchises before jumping to the cities of the East. The move will be powered by telecommunications saturation ads presented by Century 21 and other franchise partners. "The difference

between will be," says Block Vice-President Carl Nielsen—the man in charge of the expansion—"that we are in the real estate business. We can provide more than just an advertising umbrella." Besides tradition, Block Bros. can provide a \$30,000 office equipment investment and art catalogues, adds Block himself in rolling tones reminiscent of Walter Cronkite. "These give the small entrepreneur the tools and access of a big company."

If there's one thing troubling Block Bros' entry into eastern markets, it's the question of identity. The company is well aware that it is likely to be confused with it if a Block Inc. (as in its services, a completely separate company already well known in the East. Arthur Block considers the name similarity "a real concern"—as real, in fact, that the company actually considered petitioning its own name in favor of National Real Estate Service. Block Bros. now leases television, Miller's, and a cheeky Raymond Bury can deflect the problem. Still, Block is under no illusions. "We're new and we're western," he says, "and no doubt we will get a difficult time in the East." But that isn't stopping them from trying.

Thomas Hopkins



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Tankheads float into inner consciousness

By Kaitana Deepaze

God must be having a good laugh. The same Western tankology that some say has killed Hem has turned its sights on those Eastern practices that were imported to fit the continent's religious soil. Now, faster than a Blue Krishna chisel, "tankheads"—men of a longer disposition called the tank—reach instant Eastern-style inner consciousness while at the same time finding relief from Western stress and even those annoying physical pains that conventional medicine can't touch. What is more, tanking makes it as easy to get into your inner consciousness as stepping into a bath. No more durance, breaking of carcasses or locking your limbs in rancid morta pasture. All that's needed is a simple, powerful "matri" that is chanted aloud three every day in North America. "Just add water and stir."

That's all it takes—that "matri"

and a 25-cm-deep trough of water at 34°C (93.2°F), to which is added a small amount (about 300 kg) of ordinary Epsom salts. As a result, the water in the tank becomes dense enough that in the Dead Sea—or dense enough to float even the skinniest tankhead effectively. Covered by an insulated, tent-like shield that cuts out all light and sound, the tank becomes a tank and the tankhead turns inward, left alone with the sound of his heartbeat in a damp, warm void.

Stephens refers to the tank as "nothing but the hot tub of the mind" as "the greatest advance in consciousness enhancement since Pyramid Power." But for those who have tried tanking since it floated into public view several years ago after 24 years as a cultish bare phenomena (it was invented in 1984 by neural scientist Dr. John C. Lilly as an object to his work with dolphins), tanking has become a repeat tidal wave which has reached both coasts.

For past over two years, Vancouver psychologist Jane Keddie has operated a home-based tank for the Canadian Holistic Healing Association in the basement of her home. Since 600 people have tried it—including Keddie, who found the cold "shove away the Vaham she had taken before to control stress "since the tank does a much better job of it." Says Robert Little, a professor of philosophy at Wilfrid Laurier University in Waterloo, Ont., "I practice when a day and I meditate. Both can get me into a deep meditation state but tanking gets me deeper, with less effort, than anything else."

After only four hours' tanking experience, Little ordered a tank—costing \$3,000—from the Samadhi (Samadhi for



Keddie (left and above). Farmer (top) "the greatest advance in consciousness enhancement since Pyramid Power"



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"state of deep contemplation") Tank Company of Los Angeles, founded in 1991 by one of Lilly's associates. Those who can't buy are patronizing rent-a-tank facilities in U.S. centers such as New York and San Francisco, which has a 30-tank complex, the largest in the land. In Los Angeles, author and director Michael (Andromeda Strain) Crichton used rented tanks in a Starbucks tank to overcome writer's block on his latest book, *State of Grace*. In Canada, the movement seems strongest in Vancouver. Carol Farmer, who opened that city's second rent-a-tank operation in April, found the response so great that she's opening a complex featuring five Starbucks tanks in central Vancouver this fall. So far, 150 patrons have been paying \$45 for an introductory hour of floating and \$10 for each subsequent visit.

While many who try tanking admit to dabbling in the "consciousness movement" previously, some, like 89-year-old Anna Rita Wilkerson of Stratford, Ont., are in it "strictly for the physical exercise." She has been tanking during a visit to California, and was impressed enough to leave a tank built for herself. Unlike most, which are built of plywood with a vinyl liner, her tank is of durable Phenolic construction. "The tank room will be in the garage, which I'm calling Afloat Park. I'll probably rent it to friends to get back part of the \$1,580 cost," she says. Rock friend, Robert McKeen, 57, is waiting eagerly for the tank's debut at the end of October. He hopes to use it daily to relieve chronic back pain. That's also the reason pregnant women are turning up at the Starbucks centers in Los Angeles. It's been found that tanking relieves lower back pain.

For those interested only in physical results, the tank is a forbidding place. There's a good deal of apprehension at first about climbing into the tomb-like isolation, however much they may be reassured that they can't possibly drown and that they can flip open the center-weighted door with an finger. "Clownophobia is a real concern with some people," says Brian Brittan who, along with Elizabeth Raadell, operates Tranquility Tanks in Toronto as an adjunct to a massage and stress-reduction practice. "And many people are apprehensive about letting their neck muscles go—they just don't believe their heads will float. But once they trust the tank, a lot of people spend the next 10 minutes giggling like crazy. They can't believe they're afraid in 10 inches of water."

As the tankhead begins to float-alone, naked and vulnerable—he may feel the stinging of the Epsom salts in open cuts, though the salts gradually wash off. His ears are immersed and float in the water, with just the nose,

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mouth and eyes breaking the surface. His arms and legs are as buoyant as rocks. At first, the body swings slowly across the surface of the task, knocking against the walls in a disconcerting "Ping-Pong" effect that is magnified by the darkness, until it comes to rest in the centre like a leaf settling in a pond.

"Then you begin to bear your involuntary bodily functions—the sounds of the fluids in your body. You become aware of your heartbeat, and that it's all there is between you and the darkness beyond," says Arlene Kunkel, a waitress and training student who used one of the first tanks in the country three years ago at Marineland, Ont. "But it's not frightening. You begin to relax. A task's main value as far as I'm concerned lies in the relaxation it gives, though if I were going to prove a good manager any day of the week, you would have to score it later. And managers let go that have never relaxed since the day you were born."

But even when the muscles are relaxed—causing slight “re-entry” problems for sensitive tankers as they experience gravity again—it's sometimes impossible for the mind to let go. “One of the few people who left my task before the hour was up was an exceptionally strong-minded businesswoman,” says Horstig. “She said she simply couldn't let go to that extent—not even by herself.”

Tank operators report that an average fee per cent of those who try tanking complain they were merely lured by the experience. Those with previous “metaphysical experiences” seem to get the strongest results, according to tank owner William Hart of Haliburton, Ont. “Something different from the ordinary meditation experience goes on in the tank. Even people who have experience with advanced states of meditation report there's a certain kind of healing phenomenon they can't get in any other way.”

Although there is no scientific confirmation, most tankheads report that an hour in the tank refreshes them as much as four to eight hours of sleep. Peter Sandiford, a psychologist at the University of British Columbia, is as skeptical of this claim as he is of the more profound experiences. “Much of your experience is due entirely to expectation. Because they want it, people interpret a minor mental change, like a euphoria, as transcendental enlightenment.”

Bud Sandiford, who has experimented with dry isolation chambers for 17 years, hopes to add a tank to his arsenal within a year or two and predicts that tanks will become standard clinical and hospital equipment within 20 to 30 years. “Once they learn to be a tool, there'll be all kinds of scientific work done.”

Stress reduction by means of a tank will probably be used to reduce relaxation and behavioral changes such as smoking and eating control, he says Dennis Kastner, a former dolphin researcher with tank inventor Dr John Lilly. He observed last too much be made of tanking, “especially in the metaphysical realm. John always called it a ‘recreational tool’—nothing more.”

Taking may become nothing more than the Hula Hoop of the inner consciousness movement, an instrument used to carry their bags of Ripples into the mountain top, only to watch them melt away again. Like Shylock, one can imagine them happy. ☐

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Serving leftovers to a hungry audience

While *J.R.*TM is not the only "leftover" on the minds of an enormous and expectant audience primed for this fall's TV season. Many of the devoured are left to rot. Does anyone care? *Lawrence and Shirley* making out? What is the crowd at *WGBF* in Cincinnati up to? The TV audience will have to keep wandering one day at a time—and so will the networks. The strike by the Screen Actors Guild (SAG) and the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists (ATFRA), which began July 25, delayed production not only on new episodes of *Dallas* but of all shows (excepting variety and infotainment) at the three major networks (ABC, CBS and NBC) at the start of the annual ratings race and caught with their collective noses staring into dead air, have been forced to ransack their libraries. The best of the old, the new, will be served Jeffersonian-style: reruns and new series and segments of feature movies. A smattering of country specials unaffected by the strike looms as the lifeline as a poster, with the small hours of whatever the networks had in the can before the strike and reruns put the lid on the season.

Now, long the ratings underdog, is putting on the happiest face it has known unaffected by the strike (such supposed "information" programs as *Best People* and *Speak Up America* escaped to ABC's nine- and one-half-hour slot) and hopes it holds an ace in the hole with the long-awaited and costly (reportedly over \$80 million) 22-hour mini-series, *Shogun*, which will blast off the season Sept. 25. While NBC will be less than in anticipation of those first five nights, it will counter with two nights of football and a rerun of the *Paul Blart* mini-series. *Paul* (CB) will not out-

Larry Hagman of *Dallas*, Gerald Chinnery in "Bosom" when still the show kept

eight repeats, three first-run movies including *Paul* (big and a Lynda Carter special) NBC, looking on *Shogun*'s success, will even the James Michener mattoomies. *Centennial*, the following week ABC's alternate annual, includes a three-hour version of Marilyn French's best-selling *The Women's Room* with Lee Remick and Marloes, based on Norman Mailer's book on *Manace*.

The dark horse in this war of few weapons is PBS, which has its programming ready, thanks to purchases from the BBC and, independently, CBC (with an audience that has increased 25 per cent in the past five years, isn't affected by the strike). Its fall lineup will pick up a heavy spotlight from a repeat of *Lawrence and Shirley* and a two-part adaptation of *John le Carré's* *Trinker, Soldier, Spy* with Alec Guinness. A four-part dramatization of *Cyrano* and *Hamlet*, *Blonde* with *J. Clinch* Derek Jacobi, and the highly successful *Life From Leisure Center* series. If the strike segues into a *Sabrina*-like stretch with all the major offerings endless repeats, movies and repeats, viewers may find their habits changing.

Meanwhile, the major networks are left to tout sporting variety specials—*Requid World*, *John Travolta*, Kenny Rogers, Diana Ross—and indulging leggers with an *Breakfast* Land, a seven-hour *Host of Edie* marathon, the eight-hour *Mounds* with Peter O'Toole and the conventional *Playing for Time* with *Vanessa Redgrave*.

Who shot *J.R.*? There may come a time when the TV audience will be too tired of waiting to care.

Lawrence O'Toole

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Suicide: an irrational act rationalized

By Margaret Cannon

Jeri Elliott has her life—and her death—well under control. A social work professor at Toronto's Ryerson Polytechnic Institute, she undoubtedly enjoys the good life—a fulfilling career, financial security, and a childrenless and happy marriage with Tom, a positive counselor. Self-assured and astute in her mid-40s, she has every reason to appreciate her life and be optimistic about the future. Yet after several years in a number of social work posts at Mount Sinai Hospital in Toronto, she is no stranger to illness and death. That experience, along with the recent death of her father, has prompted her to consider very deeply the terms of her own unavoidable death—and to deplore that unacceptable "I can't bear the thought of terrible pain," she says, echoing a fear of millions of Canadians. "And I won't be dependent on others for things in death that I've taken for granted in life. If I'm faced with a prolonged terminal illness, I'll consent suicide with carbon monoxide."

While shocking and unacceptable to most of her acquaintances, including her husband, Elliott's attitude is shared by a growing number of people. Called "rational suicide," this radical response to terminal illness has made recent headlines in Britain and North America. Early this summer, Lady June Spencer, 70, died in her London home of a dose of barbiturates "to end her life by her own choice." The coroner's report said that she was suffering great pain from bone cancer and was afraid of becoming dependent on others. About a month earlier, a small stamp followed the U.S. television broadcast of videotaped events leading up to the carefully orchestrated suicide of New York artist Jo Roman. In their deaths both women, the one quiet, the other flamboyant, made a deliberate statement about the way we die, forcing a moral debate that has all the lauded language and polarized emotional positions associated with the abortion issue. One side argues from the Judeo-Christian tradition that holds all life sacred, a gift from God that cannot be returned when no longer useful. The other side is perhaps best expressed by the title of the Broadway play *Where Life Is, Anyways*. As the debut gathering force, the abortion bat-

tered Hawick Society took up Atheneum's cause, noting it would publish its own petition and, last month, the Edinburgh branch of every associated institution to publish the original English guide, since existing and encouraging suicide are not crimes in Scotland. Meanwhile, the U.S. Society for the Right to Die refused to distribute the manual or to take a position on rational suicide. "We are not a suicide advocacy group," said Executive Director Alice Melvin. Her concern, and the concern of much of the British and Canadian euthanasia movement, remains focused on curbing against forced artificial prolongation of life.

It was precisely the argument against prolongation of life that was used by Jo Roman in her videotaped documents. Jeri Elliott, who watched it with her husband, found it "moving and somber" while Tom (who leaves the room

theory of 'It's my body' is giving way to a sense of 'It's my life.'

Nowhere has the issue surfaced more dramatically than in Britain, where the Society for the Right to Die with Dignity attempted in July to publish a 30-page suicide manual titled *A Guide to Self Deliberation*. Its purpose was to provide information to members on pain-free and aids-free alternatives to many old favorites like wrist-slashing. Outrageous posters and

The Elliotts (below). "I can't bear the thought of terrible pain."



threats of litigation prevented publication in Canada, as well as in legal in England, but continuing or acting in a suicide is punishable by up to 14 years in prison, but not before Sheila Atherton, a 36-year-old mother of four dying of cancer, went on television to plead for publication. "What I'm proposing isn't illegal," she said. "I intend to take my own life but I can't get help to do it."

As PFA stopped publication, the U.S.

when his wife discusses the subject found it "manipulative and self-indulgent." His criticism was shared by many medical and mental and health care professionals, including nurse-practitioner Mary Vachas of Toronto's Clarke Institute of Psychiatry. "She wasn't accepting death. She was attempting to switch uncontrollably between death and suffering in 'an' [Ms. 16-year-old] who watched the film and he could see the manipulation, the pain to family

and friends who didn't want her to do it." Admittedly, Roman's public gesture was extraordinary, but thousands of ordinary people have written to EUD in the past few months requesting the suicide guide and EUD membership has risen from 1,000 to nearly 10,000. Health Experts agree that few of the new members are dyed-in-the-wool, along with many, that is to the major problem. The Ontario Senate Citizens Advisory Council, headed by Kingston geriatrician Dr. George Murray, is preparing a Laymen's guide in the process of drafting and is looking legislation that will prevent artificial prolongation of life. If passed, the legislation would do away with the need for "living wills." Like the one typed up by Jeri Elliott's husband, advising physicians to take no heroic measures in prolonging her life if she is unable to direct the doctor herself. Although such documents are not recognized legally, many Canadians

and their families may not be too far removed. We need ideas that will give our lives and our deaths some meaning and dignity."

"Meaning and dignity" are more than catchwords to thousands of senior citizens. Seniors, patients, geriatricians, associations and foundations are concerned about the elderly and it is hardly news, along with many, that is to the major problem. The Ontario Senate Citizens Advisory Council, headed by Kingston geriatrician Dr. George Murray, is preparing a Laymen's guide in the process of drafting and is looking legislation that will prevent artificial prolongation of life. If passed, the legislation would do away with the need for "living wills."

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and their families may not be too far removed. We need ideas that will give our lives and our deaths some meaning and dignity."

"Meaning and dignity" are more than catchwords to thousands of senior citizens. Seniors, patients, geriatricians, associations and foundations are concerned about the elderly and it is hardly news, along with many, that is to the major problem. The Ontario Senate Citizens Advisory Council, headed by Kingston geriatrician Dr. George Murray, is preparing a Laymen's guide in the process of drafting and is looking legislation that will prevent artificial prolongation of life. If passed, the legislation would do away with the need for "living wills."

The Canadian medical establishment remains uniformly opposed to relaxation of the laws against aiding suicide. Geriatrician Dr. Bay Flaherty, head of the extended care unit at Toronto's Sunnyside Medical Centre, sees relaxation as a "Non-Plus" opening of the door to the "killing of the old, the infirm and anyone else who doesn't suit society's needs. For doctors like Flaherty, the answer to terminal care is to make improved care for the aged and the terminally ill available everywhere, not just on the random basis that now exists. Dr. Balbir Singh, chief of Montreal's Royal Victoria Hospital's palliative care unit, points out that the goals of the medical system—"diagnosis, protraction, protraction and cure"—are "meaningless" to the terminally ill but they reflect society's present rejection of death. "We must accept the fact that we're mortal."

Moore's plan for a mutual effort for decent death, according to the effort's main publicity, "will fall on too few ears." The dying need personal attention, not technology, not miracles. At the 70-bed St. Michael's Hospital in Toronto, just two full-time staff members—Dr. John Scott and nurse Joann Fay—specialize in the care and counseling of all of the terminally ill and their families. Needless to say, not everyone can benefit from their special kind of care. Sometimes workers in their position have little choice but to stand by and watch their hands.

If nothing else, the rational suicide advocates will release those wringing hands. By forcing issues of pain, loneliness and dependency to surface, they have become the awakening allies of health care professionals who are rational suicide as a moral and social evil. The medical system has failed, but, perhaps the real failure is more deeply rooted in a society that is narcissistic and death-denying, one which glorifies the sick and takes the dying. Tom Canadian takes Moore's crusade seriously, Jeri Elliott and a lot of other ordinary people will continue to favor rational suicide. No amount of care and nursing will ever prevent death, but at least we can go a long way toward saving the inevitable process.



THE ELLIOTTS (left), ROMAN, FAY (center), FLAHERTY (right). Rational language and polished emotions

have signed them and advised relatives and friends to follow their directions. Most physicians believe such documents are unnecessary and continue to regard suicide as a response to depression.

Regardless of motivation, a person who decides on suicide faces legal complications that can turn his plans into last problems. A Toronto braintrust, with advanced terminal cancer recently died in his sleep" after unsuccessfully planning his suicide with the help of his wife, who suggested his decision and wanted to be with him when he died. The couple agonized over the difficult decision for months and the wife accepted that if "otherwise" she would take the consequences. Such fears are not without foundation. After carefully planned the suicide, Bechtold and his wife, an investigator into 800 "fat-

Justice

Agent Orange comes home to do battle

By Michael Posner

The army shipped Franklin Sorenson to Vietnam in August, 1968, a 20-year-old步兵 (infantry) brand new to his trade. He joined the 30th Assault Helicopter Co., attached to the 20th Infantry Division. "A bastard unit," he recalls. "Whoever needed us, we sent." Between missions into the war zone, Sorenson occasionally served as bunker-line duty officer at base camp (Co C), where he would patrol the perimeter looking for signs of Vietcong insurgents. It was impossible not to notice the big U.S. army trucks and DC-3s aircraft spraying the fields and jungles with defoliants. "You could smell it," he remembers. It drifted across the arid ground, stripped of every vestige of vegetation. But even when Frank Sorenson developed a strange, unhealed discharge—"the worst in the world"—he little thought to blame it on the army's massive herbicide program. "The corps medical all thought I was monkeying around with the women," he says.

Eventually the problems disappeared. Sorenson returned home the next fall, married and fathered a healthy second son. But three years later a second child, Jennifer—was born with a deformed head. A third pregnancy miscarried, and a fourth—their last March—resulted in another

Sorenson himself is in reasonably health, despite frequent headaches that sometimes cause him to vomit and a kind of highly charged irritability. "I find it very difficult to calm myself down. I'm irritable, grumpy at about 1,000 revolutions per minute. I think maybe it was all a freak of nature until I started reading about the other guys."

The other guys were Sorenson's brothers in Vietnam, all 38 million of whom may have been exposed to the most toxic synthetic chemical known to man: dioxin. Its chemical name is 2,3,7,8-Tetrachlorobiphenyl-4-ol, or TCDD, and it is the byproduct from the manufacture of Agent Orange, the army's principal defoliant in Southeast Asia. Its toxicity is frightening. Less than seven drops will kill a human being. One part dioxin in a billion parts will kill a guinea pig. Between 1962 and 1971, U.S. army planes sprayed roughly 45 million liters of dioxin-contaminated Agent Orange over 1.5 million hectares of Vietnam. The success of that campaign the military never quantified.

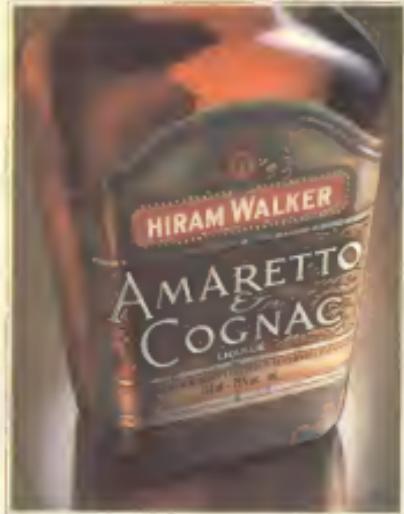
Not until three years ago, when reports of Vietnam-related illnesses began to show a disturbing pattern of chronic headaches, nervous disorders, a skin condition known as chlorosis, tumors, liver problems and birth deformities. Now, Agent Orange is a major controversy involving hundreds of

lawsuits and congressional hearings. The issue has divided veterans' organizations and left a gulf of bitterness between the vets and the Veterans' Administration, the government department set up to care for them. "I think it's a fact that Agent Orange was bad," Frank's brother recalls, "but they and I are no point worrying because the army stopped spraying in 1969. Well, that's not true. But I never thought they would not tell the truth."

Seventy thousand claims regarding compensation for Agent Orange disabilities have now been filed with the VA; all have been denied. The VA's position is simply that no causal relationship has yet been proven to exist between exposure to Agent Orange and the myriad of illnesses suffered by veterans of Vietnam. Pending further epidemiological studies, the VA has firmly ruled that Agent Orange is harmless. That rule is now the focus of a lawsuit filed by the National Veterans Law Center (NVL) in May, 1979. Launched as a class action, the suit charges the VA with having failed to follow its own procedures of public debate and public rule-making. The VA insists the veterans have not been sufficiently squared by the rule to challenge the absence of public comment. Motions for class certification and summary judgment were filed six months ago, and the



The Sorensons (above), disabled Vietnam vets. "I thought it was a freak of nature until I started reading about the other guys."



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decision is pending. Since then, the VA has issued a second class-action suit, this time seeking to examine that a planned VA epidemiological study of the effects of Agent Orange exposure to fairly and scientifically conducted. That suit, too, is still in the courts.

At the same time, veterans across the country are increasingly awaiting a judgment decision from the Second Circuit Court of Appeals of New York that will affect thousands of tort damage actions filed against Dow Chemical and four other manufacturers of Agent Orange. The veterans want the chemical companies to set up a no-exception health and welfare fund to compensate victims of Agent Orange for medical care, lost income and job retraining. But they must first prove that Dow and the other firms knew or should have known the herbicide sold to the government was contaminated with dioxin, and knowing that, failed to warn the government or the VA of the veterans' agent's return of the potential consequences. Certainly the concentration of dioxin, measured in Agent Orange shipped to South Vietnam, far exceeded that any that would have been approved for domestic use. Some 4,000 veterans are now waiting for class certification under the legal division of New York attorney Victor Yannuzzo Jr., sitting in concert with about 100 law firms in the U.S. This is the longest operating test of product liability in American jurisprudence.

Before the issue of fault can be tried, however, the U.S. District Court must rule on a motion filed by the chemical companies to dismiss the suits; the firms argue that as war contractors they have sovereign immunity and cannot be sued. The U.S. government has taken the same line of reasoning in a motion to dismiss a suit against it by the chemical companies. While maintaining that Agent Orange is not hazardous, the firms nevertheless charge the VA and the Department of Defense with having failed to warn victims of the health consequences of exposure. Millions of veterans sit idly in the legal system. The legal expenses would be drag it out for 10 to 15 years. Yannuzzo expects to go to trial by next summer.

By then it also possible that the U.S. Congress will pass legislation revoking the status of presumption, so that veterans of Vietnam (and their genetically damaged children) exposed to Agent Orange will be deemed to have been disabled by it, and thus entitled to compensation. The VA is fighting the proposed bill, but the Senate is clearly with the veterans. "We're not thinking about the money," Franklin Sherman says. "Money can't make up for the grief they've put me through. And it can't bring back the child I lost in the ground." ☐

Health

An airtight problem in need of ventilation

By Sharon Clark

Man created his own weather-storm or not to suit his fancy at the switch of an air-conditioner, furnace or humidifier. Then he took a deep breath, desired indoor air. It passed, he proceeded to forget about it. That was a mistake. "Not even lab scientists or universities thought the topic worth pursuing," says Graham Adams, director of the building code branch of the Ontario Ministry of Housing. Yet evidence is mounting that artificial environments are highly contaminated places. Indeed, the situation is so worrisome that an official with the World Health Organization has declared that

provided enough ventilation to disperse airborne contaminants. Accordingly, provincial building codes set minimum standards for air circulation and exchange rates (usually a 10-per-cent air exchange is advised, which gives complete fresh air renewal once every two hours).

But as Jim Dawson, a specialist in air-cleaning equipment at Toronto's Honeywell Ltd. points out, the rates don't mean very much in homes and office buildings if, for example, the filtration system is inadequate or often ill, or cleaned so infrequently that it functions poorly (as it often does). While air quality in industrial buildings is regulated and inspected because of



Franklin Sherman, 48, is a Vietnam vet. Saving energy costs but inducing illness.

This is not likely to surprise many office workers. Since the advent of "airtight" (sealed, air-conditioned) buildings, there have been constant reminders about bad air causing everything from aggravated allergies to near-stupor. Workers couldn't prove that the office environment made them sick but they sure did feel lousy. Now, as research begins to confirm their suspicions, it also is pointing a finger at a less obvious danger spot: the home itself.

In both homes and buildings, ventilation is the problem. The working assumption has been that air conditioning in buildings and windows in homes have



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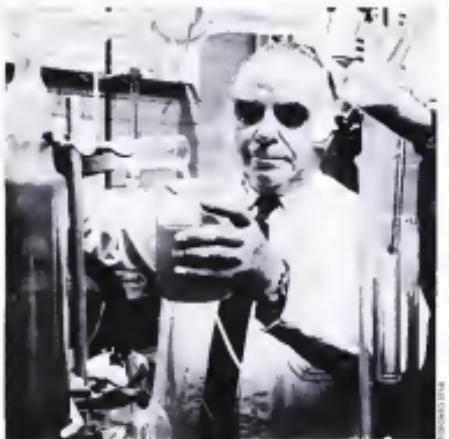
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time, the industry set up its own task force on air quality under the aegis of the Housing and Urban Development Association of Canada (HUDAC). Both sets of recommendations will be announced this fall. Hardly catching up, the Ontario housing ministry in July may launch a national task force in the subject.

The most noxious indoor substances—building materials, upholstery fabrics, hair spray, office equipment, tobacco smoke—contribute to indoor fallout.



Business cooking air and breeding bacteria

Mostly, all contaminants are removed during the filtration process before recirculation. But cleaning air is not a simple task: pollutants can vary in size from minute specks to substances so minute they are only detectable with the most sophisticated of microscopes. Yet, unheeded by regulators, most buildings use cheap mesh filters that can trap only the larger, non-gaseous contaminants. Far the most part they simply circulate dirt and pollutants.

Ventilation systems with air-combusting systems attached pose a particular problem if the unit is not properly set up and maintained, bacteria breed on the cooling coils. Despite Barbara of the University of Toronto's Institute of Environmental Studies is one of many scientists who strongly suspect that poorly maintained air-conditioners spread infections and are responsible for the deadly outbreaks of Legionnaires' disease. As well, Barbara's work at the

Busting Research Foundation indicates that corroded cooking coils, which are common in air-conditioners, emit potentially brain-damaging substances into the air.

The move to tighten down the batches, made in intricate and generally small buildings as over-the-counter and fast-foods as possible, is a principal reason for poor air quality. AIAHAC chairman Robert Tamblyn is critical of the higher summer thermostat settings in government buildings (and many others) and blames them in

years ago, a federal study of 6,000 homes across Canada found that 113 homes in eight major cities contained levels of radon gas exceeding government safety standards. A year later, David Rosenberg of the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency reported that 10 per cent of long-haulers are not cancer victims. Radon gas levels suggest that, if ventilation in homes were reduced by one-half, the average in radon would result in 10,000 to 20,000 additional lung cancer victims each year.

Formaldehyde, which is a \$400-million-dollar industry in the U.S. alone, is a common additive to curtains, rugs, furniture and almost all synthetic materials. Yet it is potentially as dangerous as it is ubiquitous—folks exposed to formaldehyde have developed nasal tumors. Particularly under fire for its harmful side effects is foam formaldehyde insulation. This building material is pumped into the walls of houses, in the substrate boards, formaldehyde fumes escape into the air. Recent air samples in buildings in the U.S. contained gas levels considerably higher than permissible by outdoor standards. And while industry spokesmen insist that lab tests on rats "say nothing of human risk," both Massachusetts and Oregon legislators have been concerned enough to ban the foam insulation in the past year.

Even home cooking has been proven dangerous in recent studies. Gas-fired ovens were designed in the days when most homes lacked a lot of air for intake, says Ontario's Gordon Adams. "We're finding higher levels of carbon monoxide than anyone ever anticipated." In fact that are have a kitchen stove that is not vented to the outside can produce higher concentrations of carbon monoxide and nitrogen dioxide than are permitted outdoors. Since carbon monoxide competes with hemoglobin in the blood and chores of oxygen supply, residents of houses contaminated in this way often experience recurring headaches, burning eyes and exhaustion.

More often in indoor-air problems, several countries in Europe already have building codes covering air-tight environments. Bill Scott, head of the HUDAC task force, says it is studying the European codes before making recommendations. For its part, AIAHAC has already decided to ask engineers to voluntary use for a year a 100-cfm exchange rate of 15 litres/min. And the planned federal task force will focus on several federal standards for indoor air building codes. Now that a fledgling air research mission is finally under way in Canada, it is hard to understand how health officials managed to overlook such a vital area for so long. □



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How it really happened



THE INVASION OF CANADA, 1812-1813
by Peter Berton
(McClelland & Stewart, \$19.95)

The War of 1812 is one of those episodes in history that makes everyone happy because everyone interprets it in his own way. "Such was the observation 20 years ago of the Canadian military historian C. P. Stacey, and he couldn't have been more right. The British, for instance, have tended to see the war as a trading lot of unpleasantness on the far side of the world—and one they would surely have won had they not been otherwise occupied fighting Napoleon. For their part, the American have always clung to the

idea that it was, in all important aspects, a naval war, both on the Great Lakes and the high seas. What's more, they have persistently refused to remember that Canada was invaded, that this was the primary battlefield, that those were not just British but Canadian who burned down the White House in retaliation for the raid on York (Toronto).

Canada, too, has its War of 1812 myth—the primary one being that the sturdy Canadian militia, not the British regulars, saved the day. Yet Canada now should be more mindful and more fortunate. No less a myth-destroyer than Peter Berton has noted all of

British repudiated the offending orders. The raid was a conflict that should never have taken place, one with enormous consequences for Canada.

Berton relies almost exclusively on primary sources of research, having unearthed extraordinary diary entries and letters. Telling the story in the present tense—a device that inhibits the kind of telescoping needed for analysis but adds greatly to the punch—he's able to restore a sense of the raw, harrowing of the events that began with splashes of blood/milk a town in New Brunswick actually goes gangplow to a town in Maine as its neighbors could celebrate July 4. But soon there could

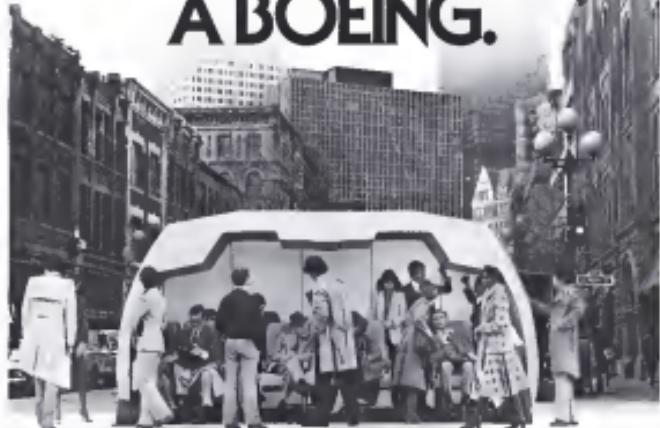
these misconceptions, and effectively. *The Invasion of Canada*, the first of a two-volume study, is an excellent piece of historical writing that more than makes up in perspective for what sense will say it lacks in the dry, more obvious sort of analysis. In the breadth of its primary research, its immediacy and its facility, this is probably Berton's best historical work since *Clouds*.

One of Berton's notable strengths is his ability to play upon the irony of the situation without letting the war slip out of his grasp. In the broadest of terms, the main cause of conflict was a series of orders-in-council giving the Royal Navy unbridled authority to capture the *neutral*. This was, in effect, capturing some 400 neutral American ships bound for Gothic ports and also intercepting many U.S. carriers into British territory. But without such affronts, however, the U.S. was ready and willing, its congressional hawks hoping a good fight, would suppress the Indians and end a nagging economic recession. So, the Americans might have been mollified if communications had been better—they declared war two days after they

Photo's from the War of 1812 (left): the most historical work since "Clouds"



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crusade, deprivation and sudden bloody death, as both sides enlisted Indian support and battled on mutually. The outcome of individual hardship and bickering were all the more momentous in a world where, in the eyes of so many historians, war seemed likely to begin with.

1911. The *Termination of Canada* is not all revisionism. In at least two areas, Berlin chooses the accepted opinion of other Canadian writers and goes on to bring the consensus idea fresh focus. The first is the reputation of Isaac Brock, the British commander in Upper Canada. The martyr of Queenston Heights was, in truth, a man "who loved the provincial confines of the Canadas... who despised democracy, the salaried and the Indians and who could hardly wait to shake the Canadas free from his boots." But he'd seen the war coming for five years and had succeeded, against all possible opposition, in keeping the colony in a state of readiness. With the help of Tecumseh, he "saved the province not only from the Americans but also from itself."

The second and more important part of Berlin's thesis: The Americans thought they were up against a sitting duck when they laid their plans for striking at the British garrisons, the lower lakes and the St. Lawrence. For generations to come their leaders suffered a pathological desire to want Canada from what they saw as a British dominion. This dissatisfaction, and the fact that much of Canada was populated by Loyalists and other ex-Americans, led them to believe, in Thomas Jefferson's words, that Canada "wants to enter the Union." And indeed, it was difficult to dispute that most residents of Canada were indifferent as to who governed them. Once the good news of Brock's victories passed powerfully, however, the mood changed appreciably. The result was not just tactical but political, educational, cultural: in the briefest possible sense, making visible "the alternate democracy" the U.S. could not share or even admit to.

Despite what was written in the eventual peace treaty, it was a conflict that produced no clear winners—at least not in the immediate military sense. Yet the benefits were absolutely crucial and elemental. "Out of it," writes Berlin, "shaped by an emerging nationalism and tempered by rebellion, grew that special form of state patriotism that makes the Canadian way of life significantly different from the more individualistic American way." Thus, in a psychological as well as in a political sense, we are Canadians and not Americans because of a conflict we didn't start, anyone wanted or needed, but which, once launched, gave loose how to stay." Doug Fathers

Critical notes on the universe

BY RUDY RUDIN CO
for *Maclean's*
McGraw-Hill Ryerson \$19.95

A reader is sometimes blindsided, handed an aspirograph, and in the dark, prepared to identify that object using his knowledge of what he has already seen in the light. What he has been handed is essentially someone else's perception of reality. Being the very fine critic he was, Baudelaire worked a lot in the dark, is suggested over his assessments and sense of all made you feel the flesh heat on finding a confection, offers a surprise. Jarryl, a literary critic, largely concerned with that most abstruse, elusive and remote of literary activities,



JARRYL: A GHOST DIED DOWN IN THE DARK

praised by people parading their lobdy moral standards, had he but never seen Baudelaire's as a substitute for art. And in his voice—distinctive with a wide and ringing rattle, Jarryl talks is cheap and eloquent even cheap, Jarryl realised that the critic had to be an entrepreneur and so he marshalled his wits into an army of scribblers of use: poet, he wrote, "her talibans are less venomous than Tassaud."

But one does not read Jarryl for his clever colloquies, one reads him for his considerations, in both senses of the word. His love of Kipling, Auden, Thoreau, Frost, Yeats and music was infectious; he loved Auden so much he felt he had to lecture him, writing that he had turned into "a sack of referees," all the while marvelling over the "annual outlay" of them. The famous, amazingly talented Eunice Pound gave him trouble, yet Jarryl could never conceal his enchantment over someone who made "notes at the margin of the universe." He immediately apprehended the brilliance of the young Robert Lowell. He loved children, and wrote books for them: "I love to use a hand eyeglass soft over Little Misses."

A poet to Jarryl was "a sort of oracle of common sense, a conductor of criticism who, a droll clown in the dark, though not never self-effacing, he could see in Kafka, 'the perfect ruler, clothed in an insight too profound ever to be blunted by indignation.' Jarryl's criticism was smoothly seductive—ad for a nowhere called thought which, though appearing straightforward with amorous, placid concern, still managed miraculously to find." Lawrence O'Toole

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- 8 *Sins of the Fathers*, Newell (12)
- 9 *Smiley's People*, Le Carre (10)
- 10 *Shame on a Wedding*, Adams

NONFICTION

- 1 *The Third Man*, Trifler (10)
- 2 *How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Inflation*, Goodman (2)
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- 4 *Shoebox, Whistler* (5)
- 5 *How to Make Money*, Tolosa (2)
- 6 *Catch Me If You Can*, Alagna & Ross (16)
- 7 *From Chicago*, Milton & Rose (16)
- 8 *Managing in Turbulent Times*, Drucker (16)
- 9 *The Red War*, Nixon (15)
- 10 *The Origin, Stone* (17) (previews out week)



Stutterford (far left), McGroarty, Manusardi, attempting to challenge the Mat

MUSIC

The genie of the opera and his trumpeting swan

By Bill MacKenzie

The hope surrounding the Canadian Opera Company's 30th year, "the season you've been waiting for"—is, for once, well justified. It is a season that would do any of the great living artists justice, and it is a season that will be remembered for its artistry. These amateur, amateurish days get the company in deficit, and now they can be remembered in the way one looks back on adolescent childhood photographs.

with a James McCarthy Odeham Sept. 16; it works its way through *Abortion from the Scruples*, *The Merry Widow*, *The Flying Dutchman* and the Cambridges' premises of Alastair Berg's at-long-last completed *Death and Taxes* with Jamesutherford in *Julius Caesar*. It is a staggering list of operas, no doubt, but proof that the COC has a long and distinguished history of North American commissions—Healey, Savits, Pe, Chaykov-

Seattle, Boston—attempting to challenge the venerable pre-eminence of New York's Metropolitan Opera. Indeed, while veteran critics Irving Kolodin laud the launching of a lot of fine-sounding singers from the Met's stage, three of them—Mélanie Butterfield, Justine DeShay—will be found singing at Toronto's O'Keefe Centre.

Hard to believe that some 30 years ago the CCC was rubbering together *bar-gar-bau-sen*, Bohemian with director *Don Giovanni*, serenely amid 30 years, meanwhile continuing to guest-direct productions in Europe and the US.

the broad experience he acquired in Geneva, San Francisco and the Met to welcome us in his singularly prodigious production of *Macbeth*. *Don Carlo*, *Pride and Prejudice* and *Tristan and Isolde*, during a roster of stars which have included Elizabeth Sothern, Evelyn Lea, Tatiana Troyanos, Leo Slezak and Richard Casals. Casals, an American tenor and concert pianist who is alternating with Stokowski in *Orpheus*, has said: "Leith is such a fine actor he has also, exactly what he wants immediately and ingeniously. For singing *Ode to Joy* at 80 or 70 times, and if's wonderful to get new ideas for playing the work."

Despite sales from his singers and from his audience, Maunoury still has to struggle with the local government to keep together his amateur troupe. "Opera is the most demanding art form," he says. "It's also the most expensive. And as people begin to enjoy this year's season, the new government grants are gone." He's clearly worried.

In Berneuil, the two-offer had to account for eight percent of the budget. Here, it has to make 20 percent. "How can I live that chance?" said Maunoury's philosopher as he stood staffing the stone old warhorse, to force the audience to strive a work as effort and unknown as the 1977 Wagner played to almost-pushed houses. This year, Zoltán will be his gamble on the audience's good will. He is determined to "walk that singer's edge between challenging an audience and turning them away."

But that name's edge is getting thinner and sharper. The company must earn half its income out of patients' bags. Warning arises as they leave the O'Keefe. Federal grants will be down \$45,000 in 1980/81, and that's without the extra hit of inflation. "Some participants don't consider open education—in itself, it's a luxury," says Nease. "They're going to bleed us to death." Already, the company has had to drop long-standing training schedules, which took two or three productions an

flatbed trucks to attackants in Canada and the U.S.—tears that kept singers and players in the money and went a long way toward justifying the word “Canadian” in the company’s name. Plans are in the works, however, to send skeleton crews of singers and stage people as the road to team up with local orchestras, and to hold week-long coach courses in opera, beginning with lectures and informal aria-fests, culminating with a half-pledged *Babette* or *Carlisle* (date).

"Where the government falls short, Mannion hopes to make up by raising funds from the private sector. 'It's going very well,' he says with his habitual broad grin. 'But it's still not what it should be in an urban community of this size.' This season a donation from American Express Canada helped pay for Sutherland's extravaganzas, which deserved, he says. And a \$650,000 grant from Imperial Oil made possible the newly created Canadian Opera Company Ensemble, a full-time ensemble company. 13 singers, plus a conductor and a music director. It's a new concept, one that will help maintain the company's standard of performance. "The Toronto Symphony, the National Ballet, Stratford—they all have compensation," Mannion points out. "Young kids just starting out need constant work if there's no constituency, they leave. Ingvar Koefoed is sitting in Düsseldorf. Gino Quilico is in Paris. We've lost them."

With the ensemble company already in rehearsal and season subscriptions selling at a record rate, Mairson's company is well on the way to becoming a durable cultural fixture. However, he is not prepared to stop there. "We'd like it to be wonderful if we could do opera in the right kind of music, a music that belonged just to us," for an opera company that has so clearly come into its own, that may well be just around the corner.

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MR PATMAN
Directed by Jean Gobain

Just when Mr. Patman threatens to turn his heartwarming, it holds back and we respond to it without that gut-upside feeling that we've been snared into caring. It's a thin line to tread but, director, John Goldfarb (Kiss Kong Death on the A11), keeps a tight grip on the material, and the material has been thoughtfully arranged, edited and, all told, makes heartwarming the most likely way a gala film like *Something to Start the Heart* (Festivals in Toronto, as an expression of intensity as an option, and a moral one, too, only stops in a world hell-bent on making it impossible to do so). It could have fatal risks to the facile—and falteringly—philosophy that the racists are the truly wise ones. But Mr. Patman (Jacques Cobain) is a director with a wealth of direction, who works as an orderly in a psychiatric ward, known better. The usage doesn't have it so good: one of Patman's charges hangs himself at night and another endures himself to go back into the world of suns, which, for her, is like meeting her most dreaded phobia face to face. The "manic" dramatizes their pain, yet that doesn't mean they're worse off than the emotionally sane who don't. Far from it: an option is merely the option to dramatize, the movie's statement isn't much more than a whisper.

Patman, who lives with his cat and is fond of a drop—"a little something to start the heart"—in a world of naps, working his late shift Sundays, for him, has no substitute for care. As prone to the day-dreams of things, literally and emotionally, he's gradually seduced by his radio. "The world's gone mad. Mr. Alternately," he tells his landlord. His patients depend on him more than they do the rest of the staff, dragging him, the staff, ease of when have developed the thick skin of constitutional professionalism, regard him as a troublemaker—a rogue with a brogue who upsets their firm but administration. Patman's luminous downness has close to the "moral," the luminosity of the administrative downness has eman-

ces from him.



Cobain, Nelligan: Intensity and emotion

lously. Françoise Nelligan, however, is still playing doctor, ministering to a severely starved woman. He can't handle the commitment of a relationship with one of his patients, Prabady, played with a sweet naivety by Kate Nelligan who doesn't have a desperate need and he has been consciously programmed to fail. And he fails. His foolishness is readily apparent in his first, unforgettably thin, headlong Goldfarb has shot Mr. Patman as a film noir, a series of condemned photographs, a series of other other than dark tale. He records Patman's shifts into states of paranoia so relentlessly into the become confused and they're meant to be. The low- and high-

angled, wide-screen shots keep distracting us; we view what is happening, as Patman does, from a tilted perspective, and that pulls us into his final state of mind.

For anyone who has worked with the mentally disturbed, Mr. Patman will be an accurate description of that state of mind. As a portrait of deterioration, it's helped immeasurably by Cobain's surprising performances, which is strange without being showy, and culminated with heartfelt precision. None of us ever gets better. Françoise Patman with a simple, quiet smile. "We just do the best we can." The best Mr. Patman does is very fine, leaving us with a little something to start the heart.

Lawrence O'Toole

Brief Encounters

The Great English Pet Cemetery is a biographical study of my father: a man who adored nature, and how a father can keep managing to love and another despite all the odds. A classic of the old-fashioned sort. But others at the heart. Superbly played by Robert Duvall, Helen Mirren and Michael D. Keaton.

Desired to Kill A irresistible, need-

ing straight, near tracks down in hooker who has been hit since up another woman in an elevator. Directed by Rita De Pina as a highly charged and sexual style that pushes both narrative and audience on at lightning to the limit. Very scary and the stuff of high art.

The Big Red One Stupendous film who is really to depict the catched but powerful tale of this second World War. A classic of course, the movie achieves a remarkable realness here. The horses in film surging like lemons in the night.

LOT

WE CANADIANS PRODUCE MORE ENERGY THAN WE USE

Surprised?

More Canadians are. We think that we import. Too much of it. We import coal, too. We need oil, too. We import all kinds of all kinds of energy, except oil imports by a cool 4 million barrels. That's \$4,000,000,000. More news.

Here's how it breaks out:

Oil At prices determined by others—prices that have risen steadily since the mid-1970s—Canada is one of the weaker: we had an import over \$500 million in petroleum and petrochemical products last year, that's half the 1977 and 1978 figures but it's still 20% more than in 1975. That's because these imports are shifting to wind down. But the crude oil price, which peaked in 1980 at \$35 a barrel, has since dropped to \$12 a barrel by the year 2000 we'll be producing more than twice as much crude oil now. And because we'll be a little less expensive.

Electricity We're among the world's best at finding and using power resources. Our electricity resources are not the big problem they're large by any standards. The value of our various exports—electricity, hydroelectric power, natural gas, coal, oil—has fallen the last five years to about \$1 billion last year.

The fact remains we balance us at Canada produce more energy than we consume. We're net suppliers of energy to the world, not net importers.

Our biggest supply problem shows up imports of foreign oil and products (keep in mind that net imports suggest that we import some of these products, but we also export two thirds of the products produced in Canada.)

The objective is to displace these petroleum imports. And the way we can do it is—and do it, moreover, in this decade:

By conserving Canadians, industry, building oil and gas in natural gas, efficiency and other forms of energy (hydroelectric, wind and solar)

By efficient use of our resources—minimizing waste, making better use of what we do have (largely reusing or "upgrading" of residual oil), to develop the last oil in the world.

By the heavy investment we can make in the areas from Energy Mines & Resources Canada will review some of our major conservation programs and how they work.

Canada

ENERGY. YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES.





Show Business

Cantonese-style thrills, chills and double spills

As the muscular Chinese youth prepared to press himself into an icy handstand atop seven tiered, stacked chairs, a squat British accent boomed from the back of Victoria's ornate Royal Theatre: "Oh, I realize with he wouldn't do this." It was a sentence silently shared by others, especially during the 100 minutes overseen by 49-year-old Wang Yuan, whose pectoral body contortions while balancing pairs of water flared alarmingly with the gongshow.

The source of the delighted unease was last week's opening of the 30-member *Acrobats of China*, starting a nine-week run which will take them to most Canadian cities, ending in Ottawa, Ont., on Nov. 2. Known in China as "the hundred acts," acrobats—hoop diving, unicycle riding, juggling and even a bit of magic—comes from a long, exotic and often study history in China. The polished theatrical version

presented by the Canton troupe and the Cantonese variety already familiar to Westerners are sanitized versions of what passed for "gross" folk art, which existed as long as 2,000 years ago. Performing in a troupe of athletic street performers, the shows were put on in country markets and street corners, raising for space and attention with strong man, monkey acts and human balladaires. Many of the well-scrubbed, disciplined mainland Chinese athletes on view in Canada for the first time, are the sons and daughters of vibrant pre-revolutionary street bachelors, who wove from town to town trying to hawk some variation of Chinese "make that" until they drew a crowd.

The Cantonese troupe's updated multi-venue performance covers 15 Canadian audiences in a cyclone-slapping path of 3,000+engagement series, hot pink pants and sequins. For costumes used in the digitized grace and reserve

of the Peking Opera, it is something of a shock. Acrobatics in the formalized *Mask and Mask* of Chinese mass entertainment, and during one finely lit dragon dance the flash and showmanship of the staging would be acceptable in any Las Vegas floor show. A melding, again, of graceful traditional Chinese instruments provides a prettily elegant accompaniment to some 30 acts. Many of the acrobats will be familiar to English-speaking *The Big Picture* Showgoers—spinning plates, with walking and unicycling. Others are the dancing clowns, exerting hoop-driven, acrobatic balancing effects on flexible bodies and a charging update of the traditional hand discs. Those with a closet full of golf heads will be disappointed performers of dangerous aerial acts are protected (unless those of the Taiwanese) by safety cables, an act not raised in 1963 by the late Premier Chou En-lai.

Never high in the Chinese social pecking order, nearly legions of street acrobats were organized into collectives following the 1949 revolution; the Canton group was formed in 1951. The old routine was standardized and streamlined. In the early springtime of 1958

Soviet relations, Russian advisers introduced modern techniques of gymnastics until acts today have elements that would be quite at home in any Olympic floor exercise.

Development was retarded by the excesses of China's Cultural Revolution from 1958 to 1969. Such is the erratic state of Chinese internal politics that group members feel obliged to remember the Cultural Revolution's patriotic authors, the Gang of Four and especially Ching Ching, wife of Mao's like-minded comrade Dr. Shahe. Dr. Shahe, describes the temporary fate of the amateur foot-juggling act, in which a revelling woman deftly juggles household objects such as an orchid, a small talk, and blocks with her feet. In a quota for proletarian party, Ching Ching ordered changes. She wanted us to replace the traditional juggling pattern with one drawn from a factory, snarled Dr. Shahe, and everyone has since had his head to show the dimensions. The terrible days of the Cultural Revolution have passed, and today some 300 largely amateur groups tour in China, most in troupes for the 100 top entertainment in Shanghais and Canton. In the new spirit of liberalization, even some of the old strict bankers have returned to rural areas. The ancient skills have also become fit for export, first for cultural exchanges, more recently for cash. "The Chinese do it, the East Europeans do it, now the Chinese figures they better get on board," says Montreal-based producer Stan Gesser, who, along with partners, John Cripton and Michael Tolbott, is presenting the Canadian leg of the tour. Due to a recently presented 2007 U.S. tour by the Shanghai acrobatic troupe which closed five weeks early, the Chinese are cashing, according to Gesser. They come to us after his successful bandaging of Montreal's acrobatic troupe, *Acrobats of China*, and the Peking troupe in 1979. From to Canton last March, Gesser says, the tour found thematical plunked in a巍峨 Canton theater for 2½ hours as a full-fledged performance of every act in the troupe's huge inventory was paraded before them. Like judges at a showing of the spring selection, they chose the 16 programs on view.

For the purists, the tour is a clear

parable with undisciplined guitars to the hard-nosed Chinese rumored to be over \$100,000. They must move draw audiences of over 30 per cent capacity to break even. \$7 ticket prices up to \$17.50 in major urban centers wedge the performance past the family entertainment tariff of the Ice Capades. But as the team of last week's energetic Victoria lookoff by the offspring of China's gingers, consumers will likely find it good, of exotic, value.

Thomas Hopkins

A Canadian Church Choir Competition



Madian-Hunter Cable TV Limited would like to announce the winners in the third annual Canadian Church Choir Competition. This year, 116 church choirs from across Canada competed for a total of \$12,000 in cash prizes. We would like to take this opportunity to thank all of the Programming Departments from those cable companies which participated in this year's Competition.

The winning choir for 2007 was as follows:

in the SENIOR category — St. George's Anglican Church Junior Choir, Down Sault Ontario • Les Petits Chanteurs du Monde Royal, Montreal, Quebec • The Southminster United Church Junior Choir, Lethbridge, Alberta. In the SENIOR El category — St. Paul's Church, Civic Toronto, Ontario • The Monringers of the Diocese of New Westminster, Vancouver, B.C. • First Re. Andrew's United Church Senior Choir, London, Ontario • St. John's United Church Choir, Stratford, Ontario • Christ Church Cathedral Choir, Vancouver, B.C. In the SENIOR El category — The Lulworth Collegiate Girls' Institute Choir, Oakville, Saskatchewan • St. Andrew's United Church Choir, Swift Current, Manitoba • Augustine United Church Choir, Mississauga, Manitoba • Notre Dame Park Memorial Church Choir, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

HONORABLE MENTION AWARDS went to the — Immanuel Church, Stellarton, NS • Victoria Reposo • Orthodox Liturgical Choir, Montreal, Que. (Other Reposo) • Kingsway-Lakeview United Church Choir, Toronto, Ont. (Other Reposo) • Lester College Choral Reposo Choir, Mississauga, Ont. • St. Catharine's Church Choir, Vancouver, B.C. (Pacific Reposo)

MOST IMPROVED CHOIR AWARDS went to the — Regis Chancery Junior Choir, Brantford, Ont. • St. Peter's Anglican Junior Choir, London, Ont. • Crystal Reposo Choir, Chancery Senior, Ont. • St. Martin's United Church Choir, Whitchurch, Ont. • St. Thomas Anglican Church Choir, St. Catharines, Ont. • Harmony Singers of St. Paul's United Church, Niagara Falls, Ont. • Central United Church Choir, Mississauga, Ont. • Dundas Street United Church Choir, Guelph, Ont. • Grace United Church Choir, Dartmouth, N.S. • Vaughan Choir of Mount Carmel Church, Bellmore, N.Y.

BEST ENTRY in the Competition was St. Paul's Cathedral Senior Choir, London, Ontario.

All that book learning but still in his father's shoes

By Allan Fotheringham

Each one has just learned very big the world—Lionel (Ken) Thomson, whose his creation of The Ottawa Journal put 250 people out of work.

I used to work for Ken Thomson, 130 years ago on Fleet Street, in a smoky little hardware operation called *Gas-cads*. Now it has unimpeachable signs of the Thomson ethos made up of stages of Canadian Press copy, modest from some. Thomson's entire life in Canada, the newspaper room in Edinburgh, editorial offices in London, with the result that the main target of the strange little outfit—Canadian troops in West Germany—got the Stanley Cup results about the time the World Series was starting. Ken Thomson used to come into the office occasionally, a shy, rather insecure man, an almost sort of powerful, insensitive mellowires see. He passed me on that (we weren't exactly intimate) pub-crawling friend and he passes me now.

The Thomson "philosophy" keeps cropping up in my life, as I sit across the tea room with the widow of my best, disgruntled and angry, from any place to earn her some 200 years ago. Ken Thomson, who later bought himself a title in London, name into ownership of a very lively little morning newspaper in Vancouver. It was called the *Vancouver News-Herald*, in the days when that drowsy city had three competing newspapers. *The News-Herald* was such that under a wise, dry and incisive publisher by the name of Silas Dethridge it employed a 21-year-old Pierre Berton as city editor, managing editor Robert Ellison, who went on to become general manager of *The Life Times*, Vancouver Sun publisher Stuart Keast, Jack Scott, the most brilliant columnist in Canada, the first professional humorist (aside from the many amateurists) to become as Mr. Harry Nether, an early feminist, Penny Wise, and a clutch of other survivors who were paid in stacks of coal and two-part salts.



Ken Thomson owned it briefly—and quickly failed it. The point is that the Thomsons—far at first—didn't like competition then and they don't like it now. I don't think they are decent men. They are incredibly simple men, simple in the sense that they are only one facet of life the human face. It must be a dull life, really.

Each one has to find his own way in the world. Lord Silverman, as he is known and somewhat affectionately known in the press clubs of the land, of founded in 1888) with the *Petersen Times*, sold the *Calgary Albertan* and folded the 34-year-old *Ottawa Journal*. What was his point in buying the chain in the first place? Is there a dog-in-the-manger factor? We buy it simply because we have the money to do it?

Why does anyone need so much? Thomson, Jr., thinks to the single-minded grand of Thomson, Sr., is not an airline, 20 per cent of the Canadian market, a publishing and travel company, 20 per cent of the *Paper and Claymores* oil fields in the North Sea, 275 Hudson's Bay stores, 2500+ 100 stores, 66 Shop-Rite stores, 76 Fields stores and 56 wholesale outlets. What is the satisfaction, really? Overall? Drivel!

There is a personal involvement here (du-de-dah-dah!) Thomson killed The Ottawa Journal because it lost \$3.4 million last year and stood to lose (because it had no spend more on promotional) revenue more than this year. Thomson Newspapers North America alone had profits of \$25 million last year—up from \$8.5 in 1978. Their fast-food net income rose to \$10 million from \$10 million. It happened to coincide with the appearance of the company's Canadian and international 25 per cent last September. In May Ken Thomson said, "I would thank any hope that somehow it will survive. He was not prepared to invest in its survival—any more than his father was in the *Kens Herald*. The new Thomson says, "You take advantage of your opportunities when they come and where they come." True, of course, but what about your responsibilities? With inherited wealth, is there any kind-one-down guilt? One of Thomson's top executives is fond of saying, "We must have a publishing philosophy." What he means, really, is a new publishing philosophy—an economic philosophy.

So much is made of Ken Thomson being a cultured man who owns 200 Krugloffs, but what he is, really, is an educated boy Thomson.

A reputation built by word of mouth.

V.O.

Seagram's V.O.

Canada's most respected 8 year old whisky. Only V.O. Is V.O.

Really mild...
surprisingly satisfying.



Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked — avoid inhaling.
Average per cigarette: King Size: 4mg "tar" 0.4mg nicotine.